



MARINE CORPS GAZETTE



In This Issue:
MINUTE MEN—1950 MODEL
The Reserves Go Into Action

Marine Corps Gazette

SEPTEMBER 1951

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Opinions expressed in the Marine Corps GAZETTE do not necessarily reflect the attitude of the Navy Department nor that of Headquarters, United States Marine Corps.

THIS MONTH'S COVER: Here's the answer to the Marine Corps' effectiveness in Korea. These Marines at Quantico, Va., are no strangers to dust, mud, heat, and cold. Their training is realistically rugged, minus only the cracking of enemy bullets. **BACK COVER:** Marines of the 1st Div move up to the front in Central Korea.

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THIS MONTH AND NEXT—The GAZETTE is proud to salute the Marine Corps Reserve in its September issue. Once again the Reserve was ready, willing, and able to meet the enemy when a national emergency arose. The story of how the Marine Corps, with the necessary help of its reserve components, rose to the occasion when the North Korean fight broke out is officially told in this issue in *Minute Men—1950 Model*, beginning on page 28.

Also in this issue the GAZETTE introduces a new Navy author, Comdr John R. Howard, who takes a good-natured jibe at current military abbreviations in *Brvty at Expns of Clrty* on page 32.

Next month the GAZETTE's series of official accounts of Marine fighting in Korea continues with a narrative of the Wonsan landing and the advance to Chosin Reservoir.

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Awards . . .

DEAR SIR:

For a long time I have felt that the Marine Corps was going in the wrong direction on a particular point. Page 16 of the April issue of the Marine Corps GAZETTE highlighted this situation, and instigated this letter. On that page, titled *Korea Awards*, the total number of awards for ground duty, which includes all the medals, plus the commendation ribbons, is approximately 124. The number of Air Medals alone is approximately 137!

After the last war there was a feeling that Marine aviators should be as decorated as Air Force pilots. Therefore, at the expense of reams and reams of paper, and the meeting of many boards who met to decide upon the qualifications of the applicants, Marine aviation personnel were redecorated upon the basis of one air medal for every five combat missions, and one DFC for every 20 combat missions. This system is still being used.

Marine aviation is being put in a bad position by this lavish use of awards. No longer are we required to "sweat blood" to earn a decoration. We are the glamorboys who fly five missions, many flown without any contact with the enemy in any way, and receive an Air Medal. With equal justice, an infantryman doing his routine duty in facing the enemy, should earn a "Ground Medal" for every five days he spends in a combat area.

Having discussed this situation with many other Marines, both ground and aviation, I feel that I am definitely not alone in this opinion. Most aviators feel that the system is too easy, that we are becoming laughing stock for the rest of the services, and that the medals mean very little. The man who earned his medal the hard way feels that its significance has

been cheapened. The enlisted crewman who, as a gunner in an SBD, shot down some enemy planes, or helped save his pilot's life, and was awarded an air medal, can feel little pride in displaying it, when he sees someone else wearing enough stars to represent 15 to 20 Air Medals. And a DFC, earned for "meritorious performance above and beyond the call of duty" looks just like the "20 mission" variety. In fact, it may look less impressive, if not covered with gold stars.

As Marines, proud of our traditions as a rugged, relatively unrewarded outfit, let us have a new system for making awards in aviation; one that will make the recipient proud to display the ribbon in any gathering of civilian or military personnel, and let him know within his own mind that he "earned" it.

Because there may be those who do not share this view point, and because I must soon fly again with my brother pilots, please do not use my name if this is printed.

FLY B. Y. NIGHT (NA)

Major, USMC

Platoon Control in Disagreement . . .

DEAR SIR:

In reference to a recent article by Capt Paul D. LaFond entitled, *The Rifle Platoon Commander*, I'm sure that Captain LaFond would be a bit put out if one of his former associates didn't come up with a comment or three. These are mine. Concerning the platoon commander, it was stated that "the intra-platoon control is his to do with as he sees fit." For the benefit of our future platoon commanders who have not yet had a chance to learn the hard way, I think it would be well to add the note of caution . . . "within reason." For, the company commander who is not concerned directly with the choice of his subordinate leaders at squad and fire team level, and who allows, as a result, several separate empires to flourish within his command, is a fool indeed.

Point number two. I disagree completely with the statement that "the platoon commander's task (in connection with individual instruction and instruction involving fire teams and squads) is one involving primarily organization and supervision, with participation subordinated." The fact that this belief is subscribed to by many Marine officers does not necessarily validate it. Active participation by the platoon commander in all phases of platoon training is the primary tenet upon which success in combat can be guaranteed.

Point number three (and last). Capt LaFond points out

Each month the GAZETTE pays five dollars for each letter printed. These pages are intended for comments and corrections on past articles and as a discussion center for pet theories, battle lessons, training expedients, and what have you. Correspondents are asked to keep their communications limited to 200 words or less. Signatures will be withheld if requested; however, the GAZETTE requires that the name and address of the sender accompany the letter as an evidence of good faith.



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that "in general, (there are) two ways in which a platoon commander can enter combat." I submit a third, as one most familiar to many a platoon commander who had a part in the Korean war . . . as a replacement officer joining a platoon on its way, but not yet exposed, to combat. The difficulties attendant upon this situation, I believe, are the greatest of all.

D. H. MacDONNELL,
Maj, USMC

Modernize the Rifleman . . .

DEAR SIR:

During this war as well as during WW II, the man with a rifle has woefully been neglected. There have been many advancements in almost every field imaginable, but the infantryman still struggles along with equipment that was considered obsolete even in the last war. Granted, that even under the best of circumstances the rifleman will have it none too good. Why, then, isn't everything possible done to give him the best of equipment and make his life as pleasant as possible under the circumstances?

The poncho, presently in use by the Marine Corps, has been discussed so frequently it hardly needs mentioning again. Suffice to say that it does not accomplish the sole purpose for which it was intended—to keep a man dry. Even the Army poncho made of rubber is an item desired by all people possessing the regulation Marine Corps model. It seems that with very little research something better than even the Army poncho could be developed. Something on the order of a shelter half-poncho combination would be invaluable to the man that has to move fast and carry only the bare necessities in combat.

The mess gear used in WWI and II is another item of equipment that has outlived its usefulness. During cold weather your meal is cold before you can find a place to sit down and enjoy it. During the weeks and months you're eating out of a can you're forced to carry an item that is not only useless to you but a nuisance to carry. Some people carry it on the outside of their bed roll where it reflects light, some have it dangling where it makes all kinds of noise, and others just throw it away rather than fool with it at all. This whole situation could be rectified easily by having plastic mess trays of the same type as in use by the Navy. These trays could be carried by the galley and issued at every meal. Trays could be cleaned in the same manner as the present mess gear and turned in after every meal. This would to some degree eliminate the cold meal, help lighten the rifleman's load, and at the same time relieve him of the bother of hauling around a piece of equipment he can only use when not actually in the attack.

The present "C" ration, although a great improvement over the old type ration, could further be improved as far as a container is concerned. It seems that every time the word is passed to move out, a day's ration is issued to the troops without a solution as to how it should be carried. Boxes are

tied in almost any place or way imaginable, and, to say the least, the load is bulky and awkward. By making the ration can square instead of round, the ration will fit nicely in a square pack and take up a good deal less space, making the load neat and compact. This advantage does not take into consideration the great amount of shipping space that would be saved by the smaller container. I have no idea of what the saving in space would be, but, with the large amount of rations consumed, even a small saving on each box would make a great difference.

The shelter half could be made much lighter by the use of some plastic, and even possibly be made transparent. The 536 radio could be replaced with a more reliable set even at the expense of a little more weight. Boots could replace the present leggings. The dispatch case is much too bulky and could be replaced by a celluloid envelope type container to preserve maps and could be easily carried inside the dungaree blouse. Carrying cases, in many instances, could be made lighter or done away with. The compass, for instance, could be hooked on a clip by the thumb piece. These are just some of the improvements that would help out Joe Blow Rifleman. He does most of the work, and, I believe, he should be given a lot more consideration than he has been getting in the past.

HENRY J. WITKOWSKI,
1stLt, USMC

Don't Baby Them . . .

DEAR SIR:

I read with special interest the article in your issue for May, 1951, entitled, *Development and Value of Morale*, because it seems to me that it contains most of the misconceptions and half-truths that plague the Corps today; the ideas that are tearing at its efficiency and ideals with the sterile words of the classroom. I use "sterile" advisedly, especially in reference to such concepts as the one that would have company commanders act as "paters" and "fathers" to "these fine American sons." Now let's face it, we don't want "fine American sons" fighting a war, we want men, and we want men trained to kill. We want the best, most efficient killers that we can get. We want them to be the best and the most efficient for the protection of the country, and so that the chances of their own survival will be increased. There is little time for the niceties of the fraternity and the indecision that results from the theorizing of the amateur psychologist when we are engaged in the training of combat men, or the forming of the habits of the men that will lead them.

And in passing, it should be noted that if giving advice, council, and his confidence to men is one of the "basic principles of leadership" for the company commander, as this article states, then there is a wide difference of opinion here, because many fine officers believe that the leader's first and basic duty is to the objective, and then come the men. The man is second to the objective; he is the variable. The physical situation (combat) is always tough, always demanding



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We find that the objective of the leader, according to this article, is "to reach the maximum in unit accomplishment," and then reading on, we find the author's views of the effect of morale and discipline on this objective. Of morale, he says, "it is the foundation stone of military discipline;" and of military discipline, "the exercise of authority and obedience to gain control or order in collective action." And authority, we find by reading on, may be exercised through leadership or compulsion, but then compulsion is discarded by the author because it "will not hold up on the battlefield when danger from the enemy is a greater threat than prospective punishment." So the amazing conclusion is reached that obedience must be given the leader voluntarily if he is to have success in reaching his objective. In brief, the reasoning seems to be that we must have good leadership so that morale will be so high that the men will voluntarily submit to discipline, and the unit commander will be able to bring his unit to its maximum efficiency.

Unfortunately, this line of reasoning has no corresponding activity in the service; it stands for a non-existent situation. To begin with, compulsion brings men into the service. They aren't born with a uniform. The press of war, the lure of adventure, economics, the snow-job of the recruiting sergeant are all events that cause men to enlist. But the greatest of all is the military service demanded of men during time of war; look at the record.

Then, once in the service, the compulsion of the NCOs and officers backed by the laws of the service is the first motivating influence the new man encounters. He has no choice. The man must be worked, worked harder than he may have ever worked before, and he must learn. It is here that the importance of leadership enters the picture. Compulsion is the force that primarily moves the man to action. But the type of leadership the man has will decide whether he simply goes through the required action and expends so much energy, or whether the man benefits by the training that he is exposed to. And this is what makes hot outfits with good morale—this almost brutal work and training, and then more training. The men that work, the men that put into an outfit, are the men that have high morale; for morale is not something one starts with, it is a result. It is the man in the ranks doing a job well and being proud of it.

Of course, there are other ways to have a unit with good morale. The idea would be to have the best food, the best pay, little work, and much liberty; and I dare say the morale would be good. At least it would be good until the unit was called upon for some activity, then there would be no unit and no morale. For without compulsion, no matter what the quality of leadership, men do not run bayonet courses, participate in long, tiring hikes, and make landings that require long hours of preparation and hard exacting work. It is compulsion that makes men do those things, and good leadership, good examples, and instruction that earns the



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Marine's respect and opens his mind. And this discipline, that had its beginning in compulsion, does not break down on the battlefield. This discipline, with repeated training, becomes habit, a conditioned response, and it has held on the battlefield time and time again.

Another part of the article advances the idea that the best effort is put forth when the goal is defined, and further that, "if the goal is obviously too high to reach, we expect failure and will not pitch in and work most vigorously." The truth of this statement is questionable. Standards of training cannot be too high. The final aim of the Marine's training is combat; the questions are without limit, and the answers are few. But this we do know, that the actual fighting will be more difficult, more demanding than any training that we will have, and our mistakes in training will add up to lost lives, and if they are too large—lost battles.

At the present moment this country is engaged in combat with at least two foreign countries, and at any time we are subject to an attack by a third on fronts located in nearly every part of the world. To keep this country secure, we are enlarging all our armed forces. We are not bringing these men in to give them a vacation, nor are we bringing them in to practice psychology. These men are entering the services to be trained to fight. The psychologist will do well in psychology, the Marines must do well in their job—that of making good Marines.

Combat is a concrete situation. The men must be trained to fit the situation, any situation. To do this, the men must train in approximately the same situations as those in combat. The success of training will be determined by how well the men do in combat. In short, the more the training equals the activity the man will perform in combat, the better the man will be trained for combat. This seems obvious to me, as well as the fact that training means hard work, much harder than men will do voluntarily. It means that men must be forced to start, made to understand that they have to keep going, then led well. There is no short cut to the work, there is no short cut to well-trained troops. But well-trained troops will have "group spirit, high morale and discipline." Those things are as familiar to the service as left and right feet.

At the present time our need is not new ideas on how to be nice to the troops, but new ways to train them for the hard days that threaten. We need new strength, and determination, and foresight; then the rest will be easy. Along these lines I recommend the article in the May, 1951 issue, *Supercharge The Hardchargers*.

D. K. ALBERTSON,
Sgt, USMCR

Editor Behind the Times . . .

DEAR SIR:

Reference: Letter from Capt Gordon G. Black, USMCR on pages 4 and 6 of your May, 1951 issue.

Congratulations! Almost two years ago I sent you a short article on the same subject. My article received the GAZETTE's

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prompt attention. The Editors were unable to believe there existed such a ridiculous situation as described in my article. They checked with HQMC and found that my dope was correct. Nevertheless, my article was returned, probably for the reason that the fewer people knowing about this situation the better would be the morale in the Corps.

Now along comes Capt Black's letter and the GAZETTE figures that here's something really hot and immediately rushes it into print. The GAZETTE should have again checked with HQMC because:

- (1) The Captain's dope about expected distribution of marks is no longer applicable. (AdvCh 1-3 to Vol. I, MCM, dtd Aug, 1950)
- (2) Active duty reservists' inactive duty marks are not considered in computing mark for discharge. (MC Memo 13-51, dtd 14 Feb, 1951)

Let's strike while the iron is hot!

JOSEPH B. COURVILLE,
MSgt, USMC

ED: We like to think we help morale by interesting our readers, not by suppressing articles.

With reference to marks for inactive reservists, believe you misconstrued Capt Black's statement.

Four Regiment Division . . .

Dear Sir:

It is with great interest that I read Maj Simmons' excellent article, *Three Up and None Back*. Even with experience limited to map exercise infantry tactics, it took only one look at Korean terrain and a brief study of the G-3 situation map to realize that a unit from platoon to division is committed to 24-hour all-around organization of the ground, whether on defense or offense. In the words of one veteran officer, "The front is the direction you happen to have your weapon pointing."

Maj Simmons' proposals, viewed in this light, and Secretary Marshall's statement relative to the increase of the cutting edge of our combat strength, are certainly worthy of the most careful consideration. However, why limit the consideration to battalions? Granted, a rectangular division on a brigade basis is not the answer. One of the major reasons for its abandonment was its lack of flexibility. This argument can not be disputed because that organization was not rectangular, it was more properly linear, consisting of two brigades. But it is not axiomatic that four regiments are too complex or unwieldy for division control. We can find many examples where reinforcement of our present triangular commands was mandatory. Could the landings at Guadalcanal, Tulagi, Tanambogo, and Gavutu have been undertaken without the presence of the raider and parachute battalions? And how sorely needed, and well utilized were the 164th Infantry, the 2d and 8th Marines—all under 1st Mar Div command! During that same campaign, the instances wherein attacks or defensive battles were fought with a regiment plus a battalion, or a

battalion plus a company, were possibly more numerous than non-reinforced unit operations. Like examples can be found from most ensuing campaigns (witness the attachment of the 1st Bn, 29th Marines to the 2d Mar Div at Saipan) down to the service of the 8th Marines with the 1st Mar Div at Okinawa. Maj Simmons indicates the increase in flexibility obtained by employment of four over three tactical units. Any commander or operations officer would testify to the advantages of being able to attack with either three units up, giving him a tactical unit for his center and for each flank, with still a reserve for exploitation, or with two up and two back for either double envelopment or immediate exploitation without requiring a time consuming movement to the propitious flank. These are but two of the many combinations. The fact that it has been done can be gleaned from the previous examples.

Keeping in mind one of the specific missions of the Marine Corps, that of defense of an advance (naval) base, it is apparent that the situation will usually be analogous to that in Korea—either the base is on an island, or a seacoast, and thus must be defended around 360 degrees. Assuming that a Marine division is assigned the defense of Advance Base X, be it Antigua, a roughly circular island, or Naples, three sides land and one water, the regiment whose sector contains 120 degrees of arc is far better able to conduct a coordinated defense approaching a one front deployment than is the unit deployed on a 180 degree arc (or greater) which is seldom less than a two front proposition. Graduates of Marine Corps Schools will note the examples above, for with the exception of the early phase of Guadalcanal, today's Marine division has not been engaged in a prolonged defense of a base and we must fall back on more hypothetical studies.

Even though we may feel that the Marine Corps has already achieved the maximum cutting edge per personnel strength, we must continually strive for greater combat effectiveness. And if the Corps is to be maintained at two, three, or four divisions, how else can we increase our fighting potential? We will also have to do it without a linear increase in service elements—that needs no expansion here. It can and must be done, and this is A solution.

EUGENE A. DUEBER, JR.
LtCol, USMC

Best Combat Badge . . .

Dear Sir:

I feel that I am qualified to make a reply to 1stLt William J. Davis's article entitled, "Badges," in the June, 1951 issue of your magazine, not only because I, too, am a Marine, but because I also spent several months in Korea.

Evidently, the lieutenant is not cognizant of the fact that there is only one unit in the Marine Corps and that is the Marine Corps! Perhaps he has forgotten that the Commandant purposely abolished the use of patches in order to more closely knit the Corps. Has he forgotten also, that the Ma-

E X P E R T

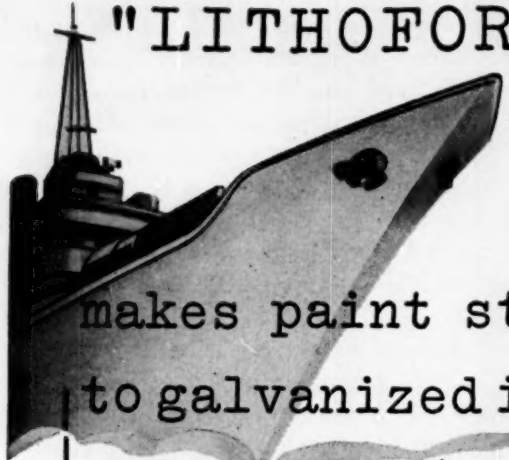


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rine Corps is built around the fundamental principles of unity, close association, and non-distinctiveness?

In reference to the "badge" mentioned by the Aussies, and the "combat-infantryman's badge," it is my contention that the lieutenant committed an inexcusable faux pas by saying that he has neither. May I ask, "What other organization in our whole world has a better badge than the Marine Corps emblem?"; and, "When did the Marine Corps emblem cease being known worldwide as the badge of combat-infantrymen?"

I assume that Mr Davis realized he would get an answer or two in regard to his statement about, "the runner 15 miles back of us in division will wear the Korean Service Medal with just as many stars as we will." This is my answer! The duties of the gravel-cruncher are to take lives and destroy the enemy; the runner at division, to assist in the saving of lives—the gravel-cruncher's! May I invite the lieutenant's attention to the casualty list of Hq Bn, 1st Mar Div, for the months of November and December 1950?

D. B. ROOKE
 Sgt, USMC

Why Don't We? . . .

Dear Sir:

The most over-worked and over-rated pronoun used by military men the world over is the relatively inoffensive four letter word, "THEY." It's probably safe to surmise that every rank from private to general has at one time or another referred his real or imagined complaints upward, onward, and even outward to both flanks. And where does the blame fall? It is seldom that you, or I, or even we are at fault, but it's always *they*. They never issue the correct clothing for winter combat; or, they never put out a TO and E that meets war-time requirements; or, they made us change the '03 for the M-1, and on and on far into the night. The list of complaints, gripes, beefs, resentments, laments, ailments, illnesses, and grievances that are placed at the feet of the clay-idol THEY is staggering.

It is recognized that officially we have channels through which suggestions can be funneled for improvements in tactical doctrine, changes in ordnance, new methods for increasing the effectiveness of the supply system, and almost any other field that you can mention. We also have special boards whose sole duty is to go out into the field to interview the officers and men concerning specific projects. Unfortunately, all of the ideas and theories fail to be considered, and when the new TO and E or the new weapon is brought out after weeks of testing and evaluating, one can hear shortly thereafter, "Why didn't they—?"

It's just possible that the fact or error could have been corrected if this one idea could have been presented at the time. It is also more probable that the gripe is merely sour grapes, and that the brilliant idea had already been considered, tested, and discarded by the testing board. But what about the one good angle out of possibly ten that never gets aired?

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I believe that the GAZETTE can be the answer to the problem. Why not start a column, and for want of a better heading call it, "Why Don't We—"? Letters or articles of a length to be determined by the editor, consistent with space limitations, could be written by any Marine who has a pet theory, from one of improving the present type shoestrings to one which involves a change in the United Nations Charter. A board of experts could certainly be assembled from the Marine Corps Schools staff and faculty to answer or evaluate the suggestions or theories. The board should consist of men experienced in all fields, so that each letter could be considered by a man who is properly qualified.

It is highly probable that many letters will be repetitious. What if they are; it merely indicates that the problem is all the more important, since it has occurred to so many men. It is probable that many letters will concern projects that are already under way; this should help justify the project. It is entirely likely that many letters will set forth impossible or unattainable goals today; but perhaps they may have something in them that will assist the attainment of that goal tomorrow. And some of these suggestions and ideas may be completely worthless; but even these serve a purpose, as they indicate that someone is thinking, and trying to do something.

There are many ideas and suggestions for improvement available right now within the Marine Corps. Systems that were considered sound prior to combat in Korea have broken down under the stress of combat. Let's get the ideas now from the men in the Corps who have learned new lessons in a new type of combat. Let's start the ball rolling, Why

Don't We—have a local security section in the Headquarters Battery of our artillery battalions? At present, we do have a security non-commissioned officer, but he would look extremely silly trying to personally handle the light machine guns, the heavy machine guns, and the 3.5 rocket launchers that his section rates. You see, somehow we failed to give this sergeant any men for his section in our Tables of Organization. This doesn't mean that the local security problem is ignored, but it does mean that other sections in Headquarters Battery do have to furnish men permanently for this detail. The majority of the men presently in the security sections are actually carried on the rolls of a section best unnamed since it is not physically present, but which is listed in the Table of Organization. Where the security men will be carried when this section is activated is anyone's guess.

While we are considering the problem, it might be feasible to look into the advisability of increasing the number of men assigned to local security in the firing batteries. For consideration, I propose that the Headquarters Battery have a security section of platoon size, in strength of approximately forty-four men; and that the firing batteries and Service Battery have a security section of approximately twenty-six men.

R. L. VALENTE
Capt, USMC

ED: We see no reason for a special section to take care of new ideas and proposals. The GAZETTE has long encouraged expression of new ideas, proposals, and theories both in Message Center and in articles.

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Notes on Our Authors



Much decorated Capt Norman R. Stanford (Navy Cross, 2 Bronze Stars with "V," 3 PUCs, Letter of Commendation, 3 Purple Hearts) writes that he currently is going through a period of relative inactivity as Recruiting Officer of the West Virginia District.

Born in Cohasset, Mass., Capt Stanford enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1937, and in 1939 entered the Naval Academy by competitive examination. On being graduated from ROC in 1943, he joined the 1st Mar Div at Pavuvu, and was a rifle platoon commander on Peleliu. During the Okinawa campaign, Capt Stanford served as ExO and later as CO of C Co, 1st Marines.

After WW II, he studied Oriental languages at Yale for 18 months and then spent two years as CO of the 2d Guard Co, MB, Yokosuka, Japan. Capt Stanford saw action for the third time in Korea, leading E Co, 1st Marines in the fighting at Inchon, Yong-dong-po, and Seoul, where he was wounded and evacuated to the States. *Road Junction*, page 16, is Capt Stanford's second article to appear in the GAZETTE. *Fire Mission*, his first, was in the January issue.



Capt Ernest H. Giusti, the author of our fourth article on Korea, *Minute Men—1950 Model*, page 22, is a historian with HQMC. During WW II, as a Marine pilot, he operated out of the Gilbert Islands, the Marshalls, Okinawa, and China, and earned the Air Medal.

Capt Giusti was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1942, and studied at Georgetown University Graduate School from 1947 to 1949. Awarded a Fulbright Scholarship for his work at Georgetown, he studied at the University of Rome for 10 months prior to his present assignment. Concurrently with his work at the Historical Division, Capt Giusti is writing his PhD thesis.

It takes only a brief glance at MSgt Wilbur J. Palmer's Marine Corps career to realize he was well qualified to write *Ordnance Repair* (August GAZETTE). An armorer and ordnance supply specialist since 1940, he is now the assistant to the accountable officer, Ordnance Supply Division, Philadelphia.

MSgt Palmer can look back on 17 years of service with the Marine Corps, including foreign shore duty in Shanghai, and Guam from 1936 to 1938, and Panama from 1942 to 1944. His Stateside assignments have taken him to many of the posts and stations in the Marine Corps—MB, 8th and Eye; Hawthorne, Nevada; San Diego; Philadelphia; Parris Island; Quantico and Camp Lejeune, to name a few of them. *Ordnance Repair* is MSgt Palmer's first contribution to the GAZETTE.



MSgt Charles V. Crumb (*From Meritorious NCO to Second Lieutenant*, p. 42) stated, in the autobiographical questionnaire we ask all our authors to complete, that he has had no formal training in writing. Yet, we find that, in addition to his GAZETTE articles he has had published numerous other professional writings, plus two fiction stories.

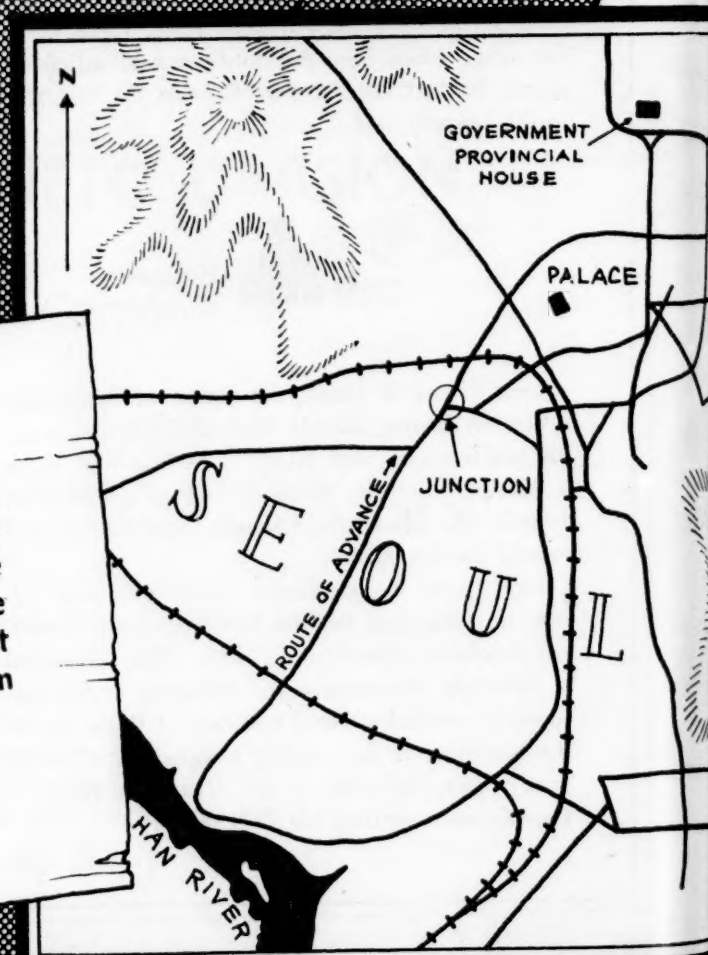
MSgt Crumb began his Marine Corps career on 5 November 1936, and from boot camp joined the 4th Marines in Shanghai. In the years between Shanghai and his present assignment as assistant Marine Corps instructor at Iowa State College, he has been a recruiter, completed First Sergeant's School, served as an officer with the 2d Marines during WW II, and has gone back for a second tour of China duty. He wears the Purple Heart and Good Conduct Ribbon with two stars, in addition to his theatre ribbons.



ROAD JUNCTION

By Capt N. R. Stanford

A rifle company commander, who has believed in the "school solution" since Peleliu, finds himself in a spot where he is forced to "throw away the book." The result is a vivid account of small unit action and tense command decisions in the battle for Seoul.



☛ THERE ARE A NUMBER OF ERRONEOUS BELIEFS CONCERNING combat which are widely held among civilians and young troops at home, but I suppose the fallacy which is, at once, the most wide-spread and the least accurate is the war correspondent's axiom that accepted military doctrine is not practical in battle.

"Maneuvers and classes are all very well in the States," say the correspondents and other stage observers of war, "but in combat you have to 'throw the book away.'"

This fundamental thesis of the war correspondent—that professional soldiers are seldom really good at fighting—derives from two basic sources. The first, of course, is the hereditary American distrust of military discipline and practice. The second wellspring of this peculiar axiom is the intellectual's cataloguing of all professional officers as Col Blimps. Added to these honest sources of delusion there is the lamentable fact that dramatic disregard of convention is always "good copy."

This weird approach of the war correspondents to the science of war is perhaps best illustrated by the typical enthusiastic dispatch portraying the character of a general officer who has won the sentimental hearts of the press.

"Gen Blunk is a great American general!" reads the excited column, "he tweaks the ears of his privates and always wears old clothes."

In other words, Gen Blunk makes a point of slack discipline and joviality while among the troops, ergo he is the antithesis of a military man and must be a hell of a fellow in battle.

A further refinement to this Alice-in-Wonderland viewpoint may frequently be observed on the barracks level.

"Take a look at Pfc Clunk, over there," goes this refrain, "stupidest and dirtiest man in the platoon, but he'll probably be the hottest guy in the outfit once we get to Korea!"

Discretion forbids comment on the case of the distinguished Gen Blunk, but let me state promptly and sadly that Pfc Clunk will still be stupid and dirty in action, as his platoon sergeant and lieutenant will shortly discover to their sorrow. Nothing changes, really, once you are committed. It just intensifies.

In action, in a rifle company, the old standards of discipline and duty hold together the battered units, and



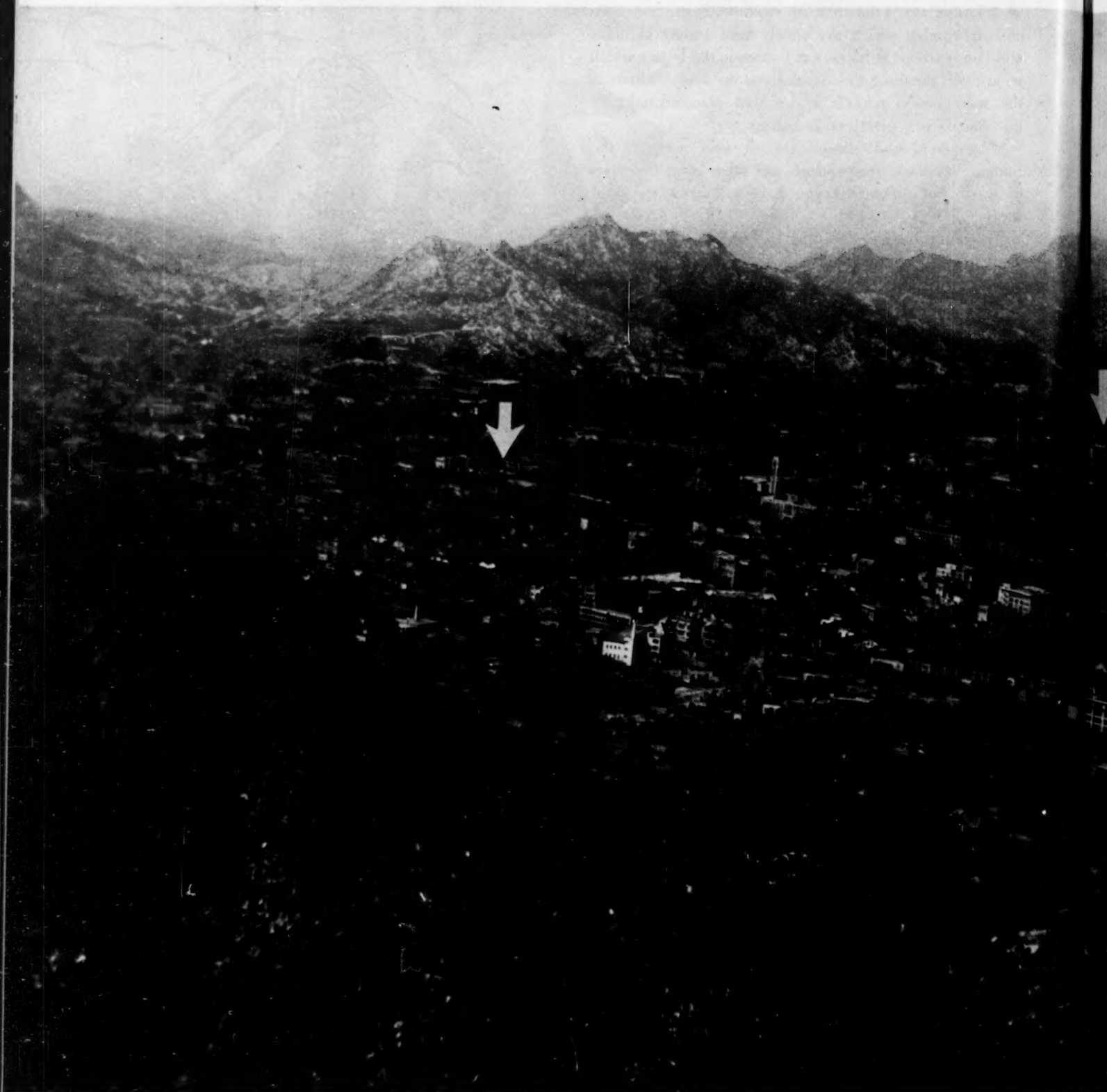
the old tested axioms of fire and movement take the company to its objective.

I can look back on the fire fights we had in Charlie and Easy Cos of the 1st Marines on Peleliu and Okinawa and in Korea, and I can recall a hundred tactical decisions that I was called upon to make—first as a naval gunfire FO and later as a platoon and company commander—but I can remember only one which deviated from the general pattern of the school solutions.

Perhaps I remember that action particularly because it happened such a short time ago—last September in Seoul. Or it may be that the events of that fight remain clear in my memory because I was 30 years old then and I had been in the rifle companies of the First Marines since Peleliu seven years before, and this was the first time I ever threw the book away.

☛ WE HAD CROSSED the Han River two days before and gone into the assault of Seoul. It was 0900 now on September 26th and my company—Easy Co, 1st Marines—was committed in the assault of DukSoo Palace at the end of Mapo Boulevard in the center of the city.

We had four tanks attached—one mounting a bulldozer blade, one a flamethrower, and two, 90mm guns—and we had a platoon of engineers along. The 3.5 rockets and the 75mm recoilless were attached to the rifle



platoons along with the "lights," and we were loaded for bear as we moved out up Mapo Boulevard in two columns along the building walls.

We were in support behind Fox Co and my orders were to move behind Fox until it cleared the road junction

500 yards ahead and then take Easy up the right hand fork. Fox would go up the left fork and we would make a parallel attack to the railroad about 400 yards from the junction. We would make contact by connecting files there and jump off in the assault of the Palace, together.



There was a regiment of ROK Marines behind us and we were to move fast down the boulevards, leaving the house-to-house mop-up to the ROKs.

"Move out fast and keep going." Col Sutter had said. We moved out at 0900 when the rear point of Fox

Co started off up Mapo Boulevard ahead of us. It was a broad street littered with abandoned enemy gear—our 1st Bn had passed this way the day before—and it was quiet except for sporadic sniper fire coming high down the street. Fox was moving forward steadily and we kept contact with its rear, moving carefully in two columns on either side of the street.

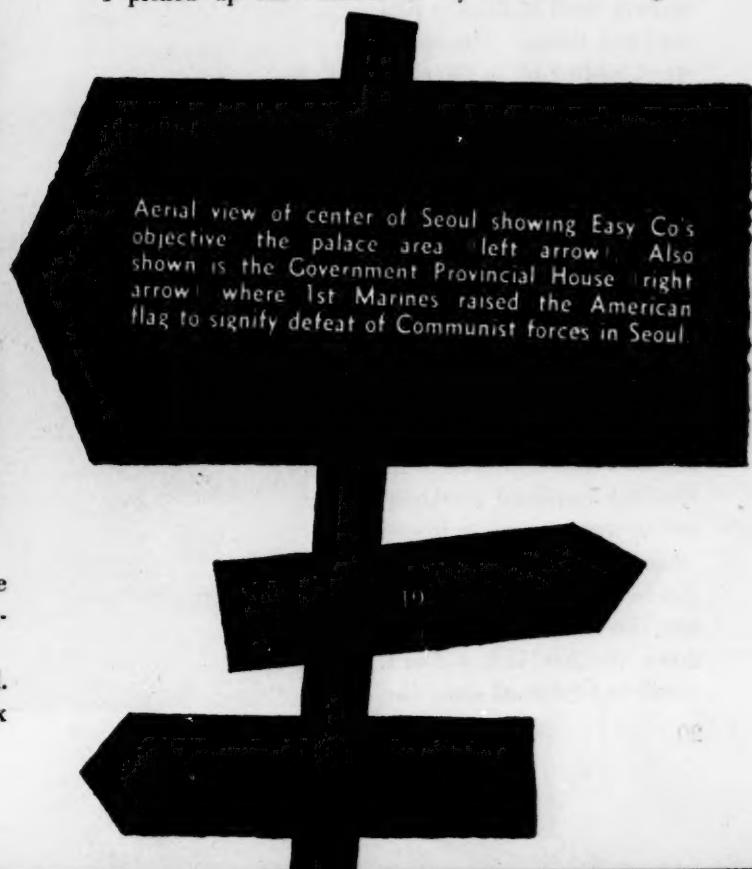
Fox Co hit it somewhere up ahead after we had moved about 400 yards and were still 100 yards short of the road junction where we were to branch off to the right. From my position at the head of Easy Co I could see the rear platoon of Fox holding up and I could hear the sudden flurry of small arms fire around the bend ahead.

And then it started, as we were moving to the cover along the building walls. The first round of AT passed over with the tearing crack of heavy projectiles coming in on a flat trajectory. The tanks buttoned up and swung into the lee of a crumbled stone wall as a second and third AT round came in fast, lower now and seeming to fill the air as they smashed down the street against an abandoned Red barricade that sheltered my mortars. The sniper fire now picked up in intensity and a section of machine guns opened up—the slugs cracking low over the street and whining off the cobbles in ricochets or the rustling whispers of keyholing bullets.

Fox Co was stalled up ahead and my people were hunting cover in the shattered houses. My exec—Shotgun Johnny Carter—was smiling and my gut felt empty, and I knew we had found a fight.

"Reminds me of the range at Quantico," said the Gunny, glumly.

I picked up the headset of my radio and caught



Fox-6's report to the 3.

"1st Platoon hit bad," he said, "holding up."

"Move out fast and keep going," the Colonel had said.

I knew what the Old Man had in mind—we had to go like hell to the Palace or we would be badly cut up by the Reds who were holed up in the sandbagged buildings on both sides of the boulevard and on every roof top and knoll ahead of us. If we moved out fast and kept up the momentum of the assault we would bypass most of the snipers and single automatic weapons and the ROK Marines coming along behind would mop up. If we held up we'd take our casualties sitting and we'd take a damned sight more.

And here we were holding up in front of a Red AT battery with the enemy fire coming in low and fast and the walking wounded already straggling back from Fox Co up ahead.

I took my runner and slid along the building walls through the rear platoon of Fox to the road junction 100 yards ahead, where Easy was to make its assault up the right fork when Fox had passed through.

Fox Co's assault platoons were committed up the left fork and the road junction was a bloody mess. The fork made a broad plaza littered with debris, broken stones, and timbers in the wake of the tanks attached to Fox Co. Three or four abandoned enemy AT mounts were scattered across the street with newly-killed Reds among them. The buildings on either side of the plaza were on fire and blazing fiercely with an occasional shattering explosion as ammo stores went up in a cloud of flaming timbers and debris. The broad street leading off to the right—Easy Co's assigned route of attack—was shrouded in smoke.

My runner and I took cover behind a twisted and blackened Red AT mount in the center of the plaza and I took stock of the situation. Enemy AT fire was passing over high—we could hear the bursts well to the rear—but the volume of small arms fire had increased markedly and it was coming in low—whanging into our metal barricade and cracking steadily by. The AT was all coming down the left fork—Fox's area—but the small arms was

coming down both forks with a small amount—probably snipers, I thought—passing across our front in enfilade. Stretcher bearers were starting to pass us with casualties from the assault platoons of Fox Co up ahead, and the support platoon and mortars were scattered all around the plaza in what cover they could find.

The road junction was hot as hell with every bit of cover sheltering a Fox Co man. I knew that I could not bring Easy Co up, to start the assault down the right fork, until Fox moved out and cleared the road junction. Control—always a problem in a hot fire fight—is a hell of a thing, at best, in action and it would not do to attack at a tangent through Fox Co.

"Move out fast and keep going," the Colonel had said, "When Fox clears the road junction take Easy down the right hand fork."

"Cavanaugh," I said to my runner, "bring up the radio and CP to this point."

And then I ran crouching across the plaza and dropped behind a sandbag barricade among some Fox Co men.

"Where's Capt Groff?" I asked.

"Up ahead," someone replied with a wave of the arm in the general direction of the left fork and the heavy firing.

I left the sandbags and worked my way from doorway to doorway up the left fork. The heat from the



blazing buildings seared like a furnace blast and the exploding ammo inside stunned the senses and obliterated the other battle noises. I passed some more wounded coming back and some Fox Co dead, and then I was at the crest of a slight rise looking down the broad street into a sandbagged barricade that stretched across the boulevard 200 yards ahead. I took one look at the AT muzzle blasts kicking aside the pall of smoke over the road block, and I glanced at the thin flicker of automatic fire running across the barricade like a single line of flame and dived off the sidewalk into an alley. I had seen the strongpoint that was holding up Fox and I knew that it was a battery of AT woven into positions in the reinforced concrete buildings on either side of the road block.

☛ FOX CO MEN were all around me in the alley, some of them hit and some filtering between the houses and up onto roof tops, dragging rockets and recoilless 75s into firing positions. I found an NCO and asked where Fox's tanks were but he could not say. Then I looked about for the company commander, but the smoke and confusion were too great, and I ran crouching along the walls back to the plaza at the road junction where my CP had set up.

I picked up the radio handset and called the 3.

"Guildo," I said, "this is Easy-6. Fox is holding up and I can't move out."

"Move out," said the 3.

"Guildo," I said, and the set went dead.

I crouched there behind the battered Red AT mount in the bullet swept plaza at the road junction and made my estimate of the situation.

"When Fox Company clears the road junction take Easy up the right fork," the Colonel had said.

Well Fox had never made it through the junction and my radio was out, and now there was nobody here but me, Easy-6.

"Move out fast and keep going," the Colonel had said.

The small arms fire sweeping the plaza was more intense and the AT was coming in lower, bursting back down the boulevard in my 2d Plat positions. Smoke drifting out of the burning buildings nearly obscured the forks and I had no idea what lay up the right fork along my assigned route of attack. Easy Co was taking casualties too now and there was no time for reconnaissance.

I had been up the left fork and had seen the Red strongpoint that was holding up Fox and I knew that I could take it in a 250-yard assault behind my tanks, by taking the left fork and going right up the slot. Fox Co would have enough weapons on the roof tops and in the buildings just ahead to give me a base of fire. And Fox was badly hit and scattered out among the burning buildings and God only knew where their tanks were now. My own tanks were at the head of my lead platoon, and our assault squads were heavy with rockets, and I knew that we could go through anything for 250 yards.

"The right fork," the Colonel had said.

Well Fox was hung up for awhile and I would be going up the right fork with my left flank naked all the way. What if the strongpoint ahead of Fox extended over to the right fork? I would start a blind assault up that damned smoky fork by passing through the rear of Fox Co on a tangent where I would start to lose control of my people, and I would take enfilade fire from the strongpoint all the way until I hit whatever positions they had along my route. If I went through Fox up the left fork, I'd have a base of fire and a damned short assault to the roadblock. Once Easy had the roadblock, we should be in their main line of resistance and enfilading them.

And that was when I threw the book away. I stood up and waved my tanks forward and took Easy Co up the left hand fork—through the scattered platoons of Fox Co and over their dead to the rise and then down that last 200 yards into the road block.

We had it hot and heavy among the burning buildings and the crumbled sandbags of the barricade, and then they broke and ran at the last, and we butchered them around the Russian AT guns and the Japanese Nambu machine guns in the roadblock and the concrete building alongside. There was a knoll there too and we moved up on the first high ground we had seen that day as they pulled out and Fox Co came up to extend our flanks as we reorganized to continue the attack.

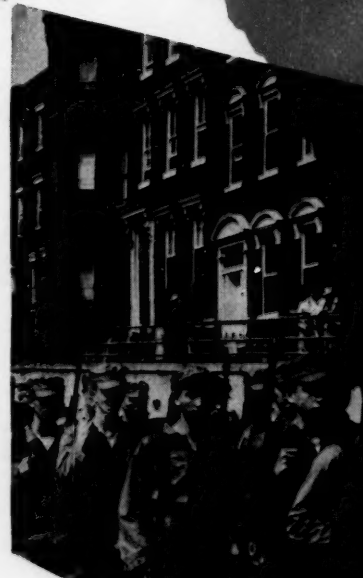
☛ I LOST TWO OFFICERS and 18 men in that 250-yard assault and I was hit then myself, so I never learned how it all turned out except that the 2d Bn went on and took DukSoo Palace with Easy Co still in the assault. There is no way to tell if Easy Co could have made it up the right fork according to the plan and if Fox Co could have gone through the road block on the left and tied in with us at the railroad up ahead. There is no one who can say, now, if the carefully-contrived and tactically sound plan of the Colonel and the 3 would have taken the ground with fewer casualties than Easy Co took in that headlong assault through another company into the wrong objective.

USMC

Easy Company "throwing away the book" in a headlong assault of the roadblock in Fox Company's zone of action.

MINUTE MEN—1950 MODEL

The Reserves in Action





• SHOWING AN AGGRESSOR'S DISDAIN FOR PEACE, THE North Korean Army that launched the lightning invasion of South Korea chose the quiet, last Sunday of June, 1950. With summer only four days old, that fateful Sunday found most Americans planning an outing; and like most Americans, many Marine reservists were contemplating the annual problem of whether to spend the summer holidays at the seashore or at the lakeside or in the mountains.

But on that peaceful Sunday, Communist aggression set the mills of the war gods grinding in the far off and little known land of Korea, and for thousands of Marine reservists the problem was solved. Though they did not know it then, the only seashore they were to know that year was to be shell-spattered, Inchon beach; the only lake, the frozen expanse of Chosin Reservoir; the only mountains, the deadly and rugged ridges along the route of the withdrawal to Hungnam.

Hardships imposed upon civilian Americans by the Korean conflict were indeed small as compared to the sacrifice which Marine reservists were called upon to make, for, separated from their families and work on short notice, Marine reservists soon found themselves training hard at Marine Corps camps, safeguarding American posts and stations at home and abroad, and fighting a cunning and cruel enemy in an inhospitable land. And the logical question is why?

By 2 July, the North Korean invasion had progressed to a point where the great disparity in the comparative strength made it obvious that additional American forces would be needed. And the choice logically fell on the Marines, as yet uncommitted in Korea.

By Capt Ernest H. Giusti

In cooperation with the Historical Division, Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, the GAZETTE herewith presents another in a series of official accounts dealing with Marine operations in Korea. Prepared by writers and researchers of the Historical Division, these articles are based on available records and reports from units in Korea. Also to be treated in this series:

The Chosin Reservoir Breakout
Anti-Guerrilla Operations in South Korea
The Drive to the 38th Parallel

Publication is scheduled for consecutive monthly issues, except for mobilization, which will not appear in order.

Admittedly it is too soon to write a definitive history of Marine fighting in Korea. Not only are enemy sources lacking, but even Marine and Army records are still incomplete. Articles of the length to be used in the GAZETTE, moreover, do not allow space for more than an outline of operations which will ultimately be given the detailed treatment of a monograph.

But timeliness is also an end to be sought, and these preliminary narratives are based on Marine and Army reports received up to this time. These articles are presented in the hope that GAZETTE readers will feel free to add to the incomplete record. This is an invitation, therefore, for you to supplement the existing record. Send your comments and criticisms, as well as any other information you can make available, to the Historical Division, Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington 25, D. C.

To this end the 1st Marine Provisional Brigade (Reinf) was activated at Camp Pendleton on 5 July, with the 5th Marines of the 1st Mar Div (Reinf) and MAG-33 of the 1st Mar Air Wing as the basic elements. Nine days later, the brigade, composed of well-trained aviation and ground regulars, weighed anchor for Kobe, Japan. But while still at sea, on 25 July, the brigade was diverted from Japan and ordered to land in Korea where reinforcements were urgently needed. The brigade arrived at Pusan on 2 August and was almost immediately committed to counterattack toward Chinju as part of Task Force Kean.



Regulars could help keep the determined enemy at bay, but they were too few in number to go over to the attack in force, and therein lies the story of the Reserve's contribution to the record of Marine forces in Korea. For the Reserve provided trained Marines in sufficient numbers and of such a caliber as to make the Inchon landing possible and victory probable.

But why the haste?

Aside from the international considerations, time and tide and the tactical situation prevailing in Korea during July conspired to give the build-up and transportation of a war-strength Marine division and a two-group Marine air wing an urgency unequalled since the first months of WW II.

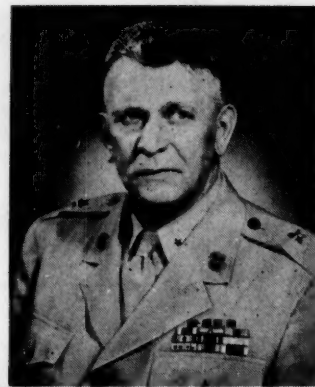
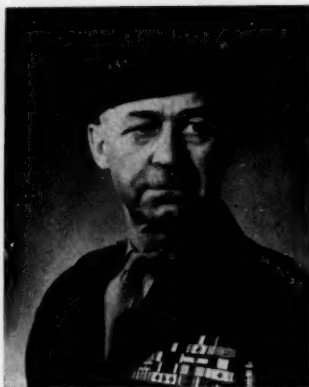
By the fateful last week of July, it was apparent that the Korean "police action" had taken on the dress of a young but lusty war, entailing the employment of war strength divisions and all the techniques inherent in a war of fronts, including amphibious assault. Fortunately, Gen MacArthur had already planned an amphibious counterattack at Inchon, which, if successful, would relieve the Pusan perimeter, seize Seoul, and above all sever the North Korean Army's communications, thereby separating its heart from its body. In such an operation time is the "open sesame" to success, for tide conditions at Inchon are so unique that there is only one month of the year, September, when the landing of large bodies of troops can be executed satisfactorily. And during September itself, only the 15th through the 17th are really favorable.

IN ADDITION, an appreciable delay in the embarkation of the 1st Mar Div would probably have led to a postponement of the landing for at least a month. During that month the enemy would have had an opportunity to improve his defenses in the vicinity of Inchon, and improved defenses, if created, would have increased the cost in lives—always very important to Americans—and diminished the possibility of a successful assault. And so, the haste.

Granting the need for haste, the next question follows quite naturally; why were the reserves needed?

In general terms the answer can be given by simply stating that the Marine Corps' commitments had outrun its regular resources.

On 30 June, five days after the commencement of hostilities, the Marine Corps had 74,273 officers and men on active duty, and more than 40,000 of these were



Directors of the Marine Reserve during the present emergency. LEFT: LtGen Merwin H. Silverthorn, who held the office of Assistant Commandant concurrently. CENTER: MajGen Edward A. Craig, who commanded the 1st Mar Brig, held the post until he retired recently.

RIGHT: BrigGen Harry B. Liversedge, present Director of the Division of Reserve, coordinator of the new program.

serving in the operating forces: those forces participating directly in the execution of the assigned missions and tasks of the Marine Corps. The operating forces were divided into the Fleet Marine Force, the security forces, and Marines afloat.

The FMF was, in turn, divided into FMFPac and FMFLant, each possessing one peacetime division and one greatly understrength air wing. FMFPac had the 1st Mar Div (Reinf) and the 1st Mar Air Wing, while FMFLant had the 2d Mar Div (Reinf) and the 2d Mar Air Wing. And here it should be noted that had the 1st and 2d Divs been combined into a single unit, its numbers would still have fallen far short of a war-strength division.

Now, with the decision to employ a war-strength Marine division and a two-group Marine air wing in the Inchon-Seoul operation, previous commitments could be compromised, but not relinquished. To provide urgently needed regular Marines for the 1st Mar Div, security forces were drastically cut, 800 Marines were detached from shipboard duty in the Mediterranean and ordered to proceed to the Far East via the Suez Canal to join the division upon its arrival, and most of the effective combat strength of the 2d Mar Div was transferred to the 1st Mar Div. But despite these measures the 1st Mar Div could not have been brought up to war-strength had it not been for the availability of Marine reservists. The

only alternative to calling these reservists to active duty would have been "to send the 1st Division into combat so dangerously under-strength as to invite disaster."

However, the real measure of the reservist's contribution to the record of Marine forces in Korea may be gauged by citing just a few facts not commonly known. For example, at the time of the Inchon-Seoul operation there were more Marines in Korea than there had been in the total FMF two and a half months earlier, and 20 per cent of these were reservists, only six to eight weeks removed from normal civilian pursuits. By the end of March, 1951, approximately 38 per cent of the officers and 48 per cent of the enlisted personnel serving with Marine forces in Korea were reservists. And the United Nations force, which as early as November inflicted the first decisive defeat upon a Chinese Communist *division*, was a Marine *regiment* including approximately 34 per cent reservists.

But such achievements are not conceived one night and born the next morning. The real beginning of the Marine Reserve's contributions goes back to pre-Korean times. During the post-war years, the nation steadily decreased its regular Marine Corps, and in obviously perilous times placed a correspondingly heavier reliance on a strong and rapidly employable reserve as a complement to the regular Marine Corps. This reserve was established, and its mission—to provide trained personnel for integration into the Marine Corps in time of national emergency—was defined. And the advent of the Korean conflict found this organization ready in spirit, in numbers, and in quality.

By 30 June 1950, the Marine Corps Reserve had a total strength of approximately 128,000, almost double that of the regular Marine Corps. This was divided among the Organized Ground Reserve with 33,528 Marines in 138 separate functioning units, the Organized Aviation Reserve with a strength of 6,341 in 30 fighter squadrons (VMFs) and 12 ground control intercept

squadrons (GCISs), and the Volunteer Reserve with a strength of approximately 88,000. Of the overall group, a substantial majority were battle-tested veterans of World War II.

On 10 and 15 July, Gen MacArthur had urgently requested a war-strength Marine division with appropriate air for employment in Korea, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff asked the Commandant how much time the Marine Corps would require to create a third regimental combat team for the 1st Mar Div. The Commandant could only reply that the Marine Corps did not possess enough personnel to form an additional RCT without calling Marine reservists to active duty. This step was authorized by the President, with congressional sanction, on 19 July, and the die was cast!

AT HEADQUARTERS MARINE CORPS the scene became one of feverish activity, with staffs burning midnight oil to insure the most orderly mobilization possible under the limitations imposed by time. Now, previously made plans began to pay off. Within a period of two hours, the mobilization team had gone into action, and four important preliminary steps had been taken. Reserve district directors were warned that the Organized Reserve would shortly be ordered to active duty. The Commanding General of MB, Camp Pendleton was told to expect approximately 21,000 organized reservists in the near future. The Commanding General of MB, Camp Lejeune was told to expect approximately 5,800. And the Commandant, with the Secretary of the Navy's approval, ordered that the practice of discharging Marine Corps personnel at their own request be discontinued.

Events now moved rapidly. On 20 July, 22 units with a total strength of 4,830 were ordered to extended active duty with a delay of ten days. During the next 15 days (21 July-4 August), the total Organized Ground Reserve was ordered to active duty on a schedule which took into account the state of readiness of the various units, their proximity to their initial station of deployment, and the facilities available to receive and care for them. In all, orders were issued to 138 units with a total strength of 1,880 officers and 31,648 enlisted Marines. By 11 September, in a period of 43 days, all of these units had reported for active duty, and this component had, *de facto*, ceased to exist.

However, even before the first reserve units arrived at their initial stations of deployment, four important events occurred. (1) On 25 July—a red letter day—the Joint Chiefs of Staff directed the Marine Corps to build the 1st Mar Div less one RCT, to war strength. And on the same day a 10-15 August date of departure for the Far East was set. (2) Also on 25 July, the Chief of Naval Operations authorized a 50 per cent reduction in Marine security forces within the continental limits of the United States, thus making additional regular Marines available

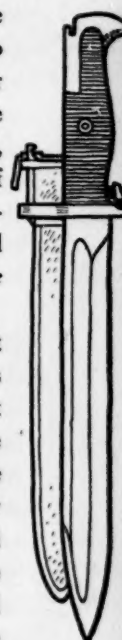
MARINE CORPS RESERVE DISTRICTS

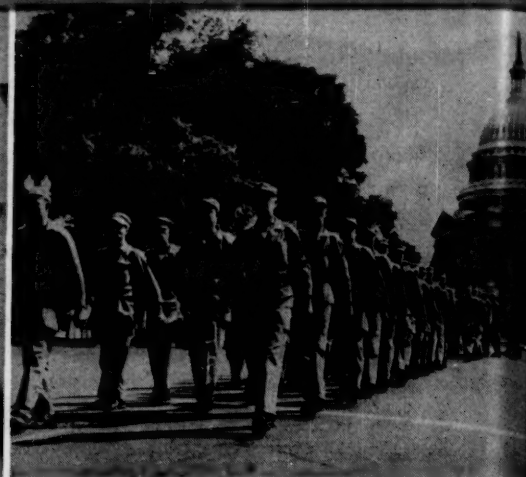
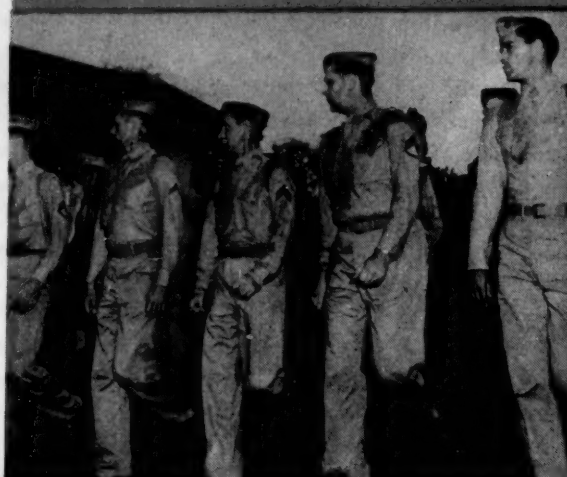


★ District Director's Office

10th District
13th District
14th District
15th District

Composed of Caribbean Possessions with Headquarters at San Juan, Puerto Rico.
Includes Alaska.
Composed of the Territory of Hawaii with Headquarters at Pearl Harbor, T. H.
Composed of the Canal Zone with Headquarters at Balboa, C. Z.





Marine Reserves report for duty. **LEFT:** An officer of Washington's 5th Inf Bn bids his family goodbye. **CENTER:** Members of Philadelphia's 1st 155mm How Bn pass in review on activation day. **RIGHT:** The 5th Inf Bn marches to the station. **NEXT PAGE, TOP TO BOTTOM:** They reported by train, bus, and plane. Volunteer Reserves on their way to Lejeune; Richmond's 105mm How Bn says farewell; and Peoria's men arrive for duty.

for the 1st Mar Div. (3) Two days later, Congress passed legislation authorizing the President to extend for one year all enlistments, regular and reserve, in the Armed Forces which were to expire prior to 9 July 1951, thus making it possible for the Marine Corps to rely on a stable body of regulars and reservists. (4) And on 31 July, even as the first reservists were arriving at Camp Pendleton and approximately 6,800 regular Marines of the 2d Mar Div were mounting out of Camp Lejeune to join the 1st Mar Div, the Joint Chiefs directed the Marine Corps to expand the 2d Mar Div to war strength and increase the number of Marine tactical squadrons.

The problem posed is at once apparent. Obviously, both divisions could not be built up simultaneously, and in view of the pending commitment of the 1st Mar Div, it was mandatory that this unit receive top priority. And it was in the buildup of the 1st Mar Div that the Marine reservists made their first important direct contribution.

On 31 July, the first Organized Ground Reserve units began to stream into Camp Pendleton. That day saw the arrival of the 13th Infantry Bn of Los Angeles, the 12th Amphibian Tractor Bn of San Francisco, the 12th Signal Co of Oakland, and the 3d Engineer Co of Phoenix.

The flow soon became a torrent, and within a week one would have been justified in terming the influx a flood. Also contributing was a steady stream of regulars: approximately 3,600 Marines from 105 posts and stations had poured into Camp Pendleton by 4 August. By 6 August, during one 96-hour period, approximately 6,800 Marines (from the 2d Mar Div) and 350 Navy arrived at Camp Pendleton. All the while reservists continued to report.

Fortunately, even before the arrival of the first reser-

vists, an extensive survey had been conducted of the facilities and supplies available at Camp Pendleton. On the basis of this survey, estimates had been made of the increased facilities and supplies which would be needed to support the vastly increased strength of the post. As rapidly as possible, measures were taken to expand facilities and augment supplies, with the result that all new arrivals were properly fed, housed, and clothed, even if many Marines had to be taken off one train and immediately set to helping prepare for the arrival of the next.

Headquarters Marine Corps planned the arrival dates on a staggered schedule to facilitate the reception and care of each arriving increment before the appearance of the next group. Even so, and despite the extensive planning and the 24-hour, seven-day week instituted at Camp Pendleton, the rate of daily arrivals taxed facilities to the limit, and over the limit, but an essential job had to be and was being done.

As rapidly as reserve units arrived, they were billeted, processed, and classified. In the process, units were disbanded and the personnel utilized wherever the need was greatest. Every effort was made to assign reservists to tasks which would best realize their training and skills.

Those reserve Marines not assigned to the division rendered assistance in almost every function at Camp Pendleton. They served in the service and administrative organizations, in training with, and on the staff of the Training and Replacement Regt, and in working parties which assumed many of the mounting out responsibilities of the 1st Mar Div so that it might receive the maximum amount of training before shipping out for combat operations.

The assignment of newly mobilized reservists to a com-

bat unit in such a short space of time was contrary to both the desires of the Marine Corps and previously established plans which called for extensive periods of training. The decision was reached only after close consultation and much soul-searching among high-ranking Marine officers. But the harsh realities of a highly demanding war offered no choice, and the decision was made.

Basically, the problem was to select those reservists who, by virtue of previous training or military experience, were best qualified for inclusion in the 1st Mar Div. And it was in the vital interests of both the division and the individual reservists that the task be performed with

the minimum degree of error. An inadequately trained man is too often a liability in a combat situation, endangering his own life and those of his fellows, and lowering the combat efficiency of his unit.

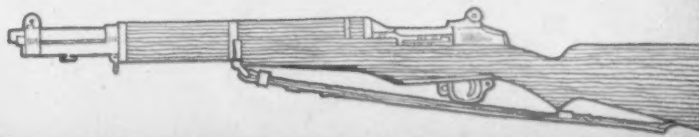
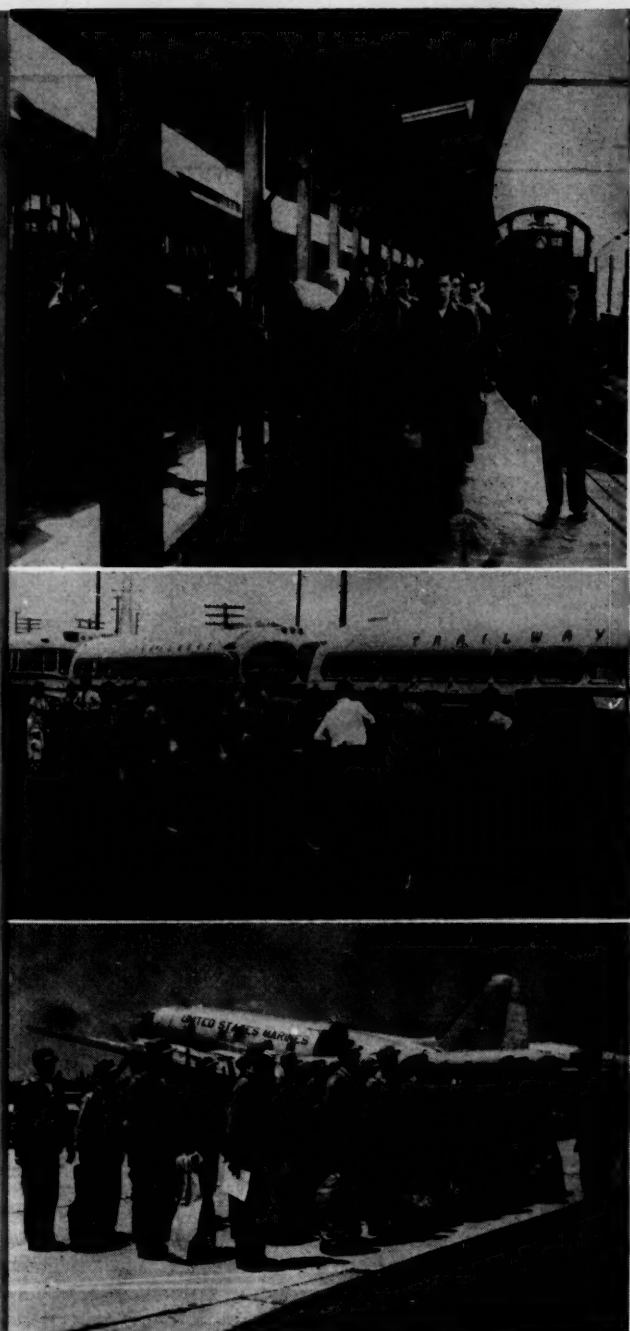
But since the urgency of the 1st Mar Div's departure did not permit the usual deliberative process of analyzing all training records, interviewing the men and their officers, and giving practical tests, criteria for the selection of reservists were established which would compromise a rapid selection, the means available, and the standards of selection with the task to be performed. Accordingly, two general categories were set up: Combat-Ready and Non-Combat Ready.

Combat-Ready was defined as applying to those reservists who had been members of the Organized Reserve for two years and had attended one summer camp and 72 drills or two summer camps and 32 drills, or who were veterans with more than 90-days service in the Marine Corps. Non-Combat Ready was applied to all reservists who did not meet these standards, and had a subdivision called Recruit Class which applied to all who had less than one year service in the Organized Reserve or had poor drill attendance records. The establishment of these standards was neither hasty nor lightly considered, but represented the collective professional judgment of some of the most experienced field commanders in the Marine Corps.

Even so, the Combat-Ready standard fell far short of representing an optimum Marine Corps goal for training; however, it could be said that these reservists, while certainly not as well trained as the Marine Corps would have liked them to be, nor as well trained as they would be if more time had been available, nevertheless had the training required for a combat assignment.

❖ SERVING to increase the problem of selecting Combat-Ready reservists was the fact that, while the majority of the reserve units reported with their records in excellent shape, many either became separated from their records in the hurried movement or were unable to complete them. By itself, this lack would not have resulted in a serious situation, but coupled with the narrow time limitations it created a problem which had unfortunate repercussions. For example, the margin of error in the selection of reservists for combat assignment was increased, MOSs were scrambled, and the payment of some personnel was delayed by as much as two months. In addition, the dearth of reliable records imposed a severe handicap upon the already strained administrative staffs of both Camp Pendleton and the 1st Mar Div at a time when efficiency and dispatch were at a premium.

To help overcome this lack, reservists were interviewed before the decision was made as to whether or not they were qualified for the Combat-Ready category. In these



interviews, reservists often manifested a strong desire to be classified as Combat-Ready, and this desire influenced many of them to present an overly optimistic picture of their previous training. However, a reservist's statement to the effect that he considered himself qualified for combat was not accepted as proof of his fitness, and his unit officers were questioned as to his qualifications. At the same time, any reservist who felt that he needed more training, and so suggested, was at once removed from further consideration for immediate assignment to combat duty with no prejudice.

Reservists falling into the Non-Combat Ready category, but not in the Recruit Class, were generally assigned to the Continental Security Forces in order to restore the 50 per cent reduction in those forces; to replace regulars in overseas security detachments on a man-for-man basis and thus make additional regulars available for combat; and to the Training and Replacement Regt where they could make up their training deficiencies and themselves become available for combat as replacements for the 1st Mar Div. Approximately 30 per cent fell in this category.

Reservists falling in the Recruit Class, approximately 18 to 20 per cent, were generally assigned to recruit training and some, temporarily, to administrative and service organizations.

APPROXIMATELY 50 PER CENT of the reservists, including all officers, fell into the Combat-Ready category, and 2,891 of these were assigned to the 1st Mar Div.

However, as the 1st Mar Div, less one RCT, approached war strength, it received instructions to activate the 7th Marines (Reinf), its third regimental combat team, and to embark the regiment not later than 1 September. And to make the achievement of this deadline possible, the Commandant ordered virtually all of the little remaining effective combat strength of the 2d Mar Div, the 6th Marines, at peace strength of less than two battalions, to Camp Pendleton for the purpose of serving as cadres in building up the new regiment. But of the total number of Marines involved in this transfer, approximately 50 per cent were Combat-Ready Reservists.

Meanwhile, the 1st Mar Div, while engaged in the process of mounting out, transferred approximately 300 of its men into the division's rear echelon to be utilized in the build-up of the 7th Marines. And to provide additional regular troops for this regiment, Marine Corps posts and stations and security forces within the continental limits of the United States again furnished increments. Just as rapidly as possible Non-Combat Ready reservists again stepped into the breach to relieve regulars at those establishments.

By so drawing Marines from widely scattered sources,



TOP TO BOTTOM: Marine Air Reserve Corsairs support landing operations of reservists training at Lejeune. Los Angeles' reserves learn to use the 40mm antiaircraft gun. Reserve Marines from Texas and Arizona practice assault landings. California reserves train in 60mm mortar tactics.

it was possible to activate the 7th Marines (Reinf) on 17 August. The units of the 6th Marines were redesignated, and as soon as personnel became available, new units were formed. However, once again Combat-Ready reservists were called upon to bring these units, on the eve of their departure for combat operations, to the strength commensurate with the missions for which they were designed. The reservists' contribution to the strength of the 7th Marines is graphically illustrated by the fact that the 1st Bn absorbed 805 reservists, and the 2d Bn 433, while Co I of the 3d Bn was composed almost entirely of reservists.¹ In all, there were 1,809 reservists in the regiment on the date of its departure.

Meanwhile, the 1st Mar Div, less the 7th Marines, sailed for the Far East. The first cargo vessels weighed anchor on 10 August, followed on 14 August by the first attack transport. Loading was completed on 21 August, and the last ship sailed on the 24th. And a week later, on 1 September, the 7th Marines (Reinf), less one infantry battalion, shipped out, close on the heels of its parent organization. In the period of one month approximately two-thirds of a war-strength Marine division had been built up from a 31 July strength of approximately 3,600 Marines, and was en route to the Far East. And in three more weeks a war-strength Marine division was smashing at the gates of Seoul.²

Thus, the buildup, transportation, and commitment of a war-strength Marine division was an accomplished fact, even if in retrospect this achievement still gives many responsible officers pause. But perhaps the pause would be of shorter duration if one salient feature of this achievement was noted and remembered. On 15 September, the day on which United Nation forces in Korea went over to the attack with a vengeance, Marines of the Organized Reserve constituted approximately 19 per cent of the 1st Mar Div's total strength.

THE ORGANIZED AVIATION RESERVE AND THE 1ST MAR AIR WING

Men of the Marine division which stormed ashore at Inchon and moved toward Seoul had the comforting knowledge that they would be supported by their fellow Marines of the 1st Mar Air Wing, who in the post World War II years had made the development of close air support techniques and skills a must. Two carrier-based regular Marine VMF squadrons rendered excellent air support during the initial assault. A week later, while Kimpo airfield was still under intermittent enemy fire,

¹However, upon the joining of 3/6, which became 3/7, the battalion was completely reorganized, and the reservists of Co I were distributed among all battalion units so that an approximately equal percentage of reservists to regulars would exist.

²The ground elements of the brigade joined the division and became the 5th Marines (Reinf).

three additional VMFs, newly arrived in the Far East, began operating from that field, adding their weight to the drive on Seoul.

What the reservists in the 1st Mar Div probably did not know, however, was that a large fraction of the newly arrived VMF's was composed of organized aviation reservists, who, like themselves, had been plucked but seven weeks earlier from the normal civilian pursuits of young Americans.

Once more, the Marine Reserve had played a vital role in a noteworthy achievement of the Marine Corps. During this seven week period, 937 aviation reservists had moved from civilian life in the United States to combat operations in Korea. And while this is by no means the end of the story of Marine aviation in the present emergency, neither is it the beginning, for the story goes at least as far back as the first days of the Korean conflict.

The outbreak of hostilities on 25 June, and the increased Marine Corps commitments which soon followed, found Marine aviation in an enviable position as compared with Marine ground forces. Since the initial demands upon the 30 VMFs and 12 GCISs of the Organized Aviation Reserve were comparatively small, the needs of Marine aviation were filled quickly and easily. And even when demands increased sharply, it never became necessary to drain completely the Organized Reserve aviation pool.

THE FIRST DEMAND came on 23 July, when the personnel of three Reserve VMF and six GCI squadrons were ordered to active duty in order to provide trained Marines for the 1st Wing which had furnished the units and personnel of MAG-33. And of the total 1,474 reservists ordered to duty approximately 1,400 actually reported at MCAS, El Toro, on 1 August.

The arrival date of these personnel initiated a month of feverish but efficient activity at El Toro. In rapid succession, a new Tactical Air Control Squadron and a new GCIS were activated, orders were received to move the rear echelon of the 1st Wing to the Far East, and MAG-15, including VMF-212, was transferred from Cherry Point to El Toro.

In short order, the necessary unit transfers and personnel joinings were made and the authorized composition and strength of the 1st Mar Air Wing achieved. Units of the wing mounted out and sailed for the Far East on 17 and 24 August. And the remaining units of the wing, including an augmentation detail for MAG-33 containing 60 per cent reservists, sailed on 1 September. By 17 September, all these units had arrived at their destinations.

Their timely arrival more than doubled Marine aviation strength in the Far East, and the number of VMFs available for the Inchon-Seoul operation was increased from two and a half to six. Of the six VMFs, five par-



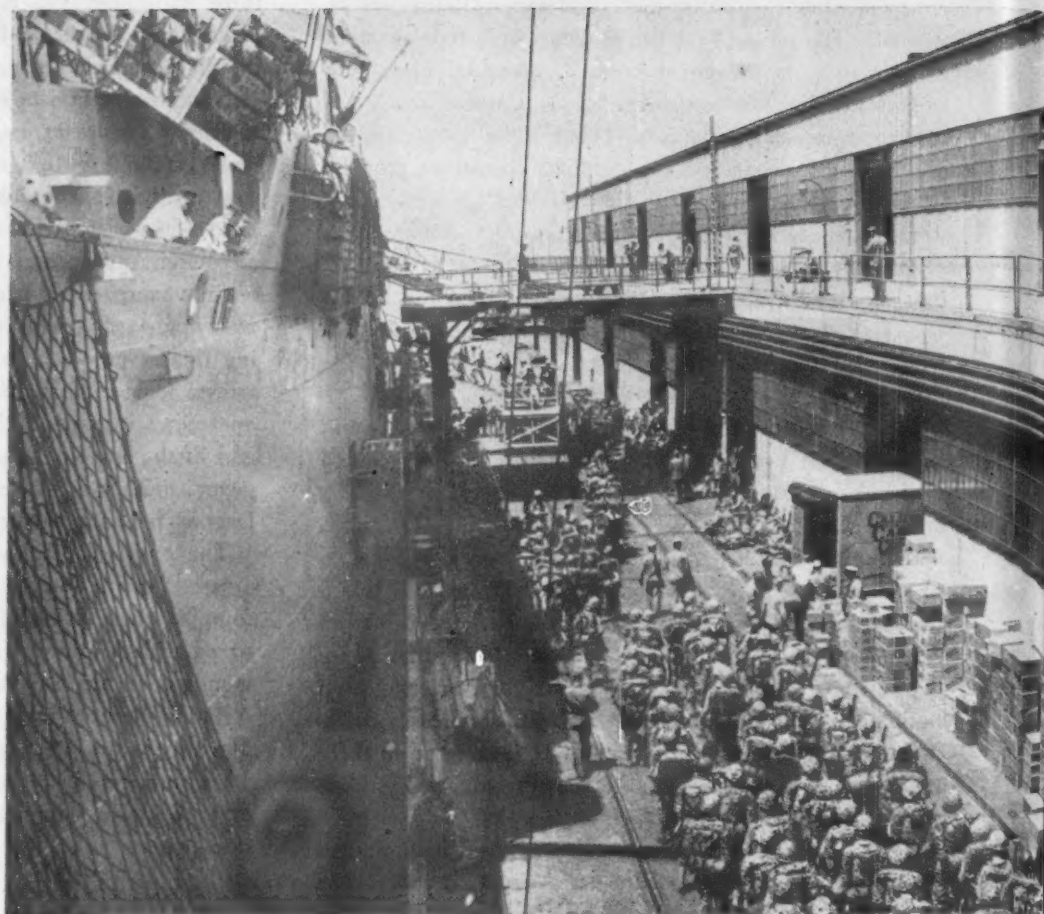
ticipated directly in the operation and rendered valuable air support to ground elements.

Following the outstanding success of the Inchon-Seoul operation, the remnants of the once confident and deadly North Korean Army fled in the direction of the Manchurian sanctuary, and the end of the Korean conflict seemed in sight. Therefore, during the fall of 1950 the need for Marine air and ground units diminished appreciably. However, toward the end of November, Chinese Communist forces streamed across the Manchurian border and entered the struggle in greatly superior numbers. As a result, the air and ground needs of the Marine Corps again swung upward. To bring Marine aviation into balance with its requirements, additional aviation units of the Organized Reserve were ordered to active duty whenever and wherever they were needed.

The circumstances surrounding this mobilization were almost ideal. Approximately 95 per cent of the officers were combat experienced in their then current billets. Of the enlisted, almost all staff non-commissioned officers were skilled technicians, and only approximately 10 per cent of the personnel in the lower ranks were in need of basic training. And since demands came gradually no difficulty was experienced in filling these promptly and with first-rate Marines. In fact, five VMFs were ordered to active duty as units preserving their squadron designations, and 27 units were mobilized as personnel.

By 1 March 1951, 20 of the 30 reserve fighter squadrons and all 12 of the reserve ground control intercept squadrons in existence on 30 June 1950 had been mobilized. Of the 6,341 Marines in the Organized Aviation Reserve, a total of 5,240 had been ordered to active duty, and, of these, the impressive number of 4,897, or approximately 93.4 per cent, had actually reported to their stations.

Impressive as these achievements may be, the real significance of the Aviation Reserve's contribution lies in



Regulars and reserves together, men of the 1st Mar Div wait, fully equipped, to board transports on the San Diego docks for their ultimate destination, the Inchon landing.

the fact that while the reservists serving in Korea represented approximately 25 per cent of the total strength of the 1st Wing by the end of September, the Aviation Reserve was ready to increase that number greatly with little or no loss in combat efficiency. Had it become necessary to do so, the number of aviation reservists in the Far East conceivably could have been increased by 400 or 500 per cent. Significantly, seven months later, 51.5 per cent of the officers and 36.5 per cent of the enlisted men in the 1st Wing were reservists. And even after having met all the demands of Marine aviation, there still remained ten well-trained fighter squadrons in the reserve pool. These might well be called the "mobile reserve" of Marine aviation, for their role in the operations of Marine air is analogous to the mobile reserve of ground forces.

MOBILIZATION OF THE VOLUNTEER RESERVE

On 30 June 1950, the Volunteer Reserve was, by far, the largest component of the Marine Corps Reserve. Although this branch was designed primarily for persons

who desired affiliation with the Marine Corps but whose personal activities or location did not permit them to participate conveniently in the Organized Reserve program, the Marine Corps, nevertheless, considered the Volunteer Reserve an important source of trained manpower.

Therefore, when, in the first week of August, a review of Marine Corps assigned and projected commitments revealed that the number of immediately available members of the Organized Reserve was inadequate to meet demands, plans were initiated to tap the Volunteer Reserve. Five days later, on 5 August, the Commandant warned the Marine Corps Reserve Districts that approximately 60 per cent of this branch would shortly be called to active duty. And 10 days later, on 15 August, the first calls went out.

The Marine Corps' confidence that the Volunteer Reserve would not be found wanting in either numbers or quality is justified by the fact that six and a half months after the first of its members were ordered to active duty, there were approximately 68 per cent more Volunteer Reservists on active duty than there were Organized Reservists. And in October, 1950, a survey revealed that approximately 99 per cent of Volunteer Reserve officers and 77.5 per cent of enlisted were veterans of World War II.

Commencing on 31 August with 4,951, the strength of Volunteer Reservists on active duty rose to 50,950 by 28 February. In one peak month alone, October, 20,613, of whom 1,002 were newly enlisted, joined the regular establishment.

However, statistics alone do not tell the complete story. Since the service commitments of Volunteer Reservists in an inactive status are less than those of Or-

ganized Reservists, their civilian commitments and responsibilities are normally higher, and no statistical column can describe the attitude displayed by, and sacrifice often imposed upon, those ordered to active duty. It is an unqualified tribute to the Volunteer Reserve as a whole that better than 80 per cent of those ordered reported as directed.³

Their direct contribution to the Marine Corps' efforts in Korea was very material. Arriving too late to participate in the buildup of the 1st Mar Div and the 1st Mar Air Wing, they later made up the bulk of the replacement

³Of the 20 per cent non-available, 12-15 per cent were physically disqualified and the remainder were discharged because of hardship, delayed for their own or the government's convenience, etc.

drafts which joined these organizations overseas. Volunteer Reservists also filled out the strength of the forces providing security at vital posts, where their arrival made possible the release of regulars to the 1st Mar Div on a man-for-man basis. By 31 December, there were approximately 800 reservists in a total overseas security force of over 4,000.

On the domestic scene, members of the Volunteer Reserve fleshed out the skeletonized 2d Div, in which there were approximately 20,000 reservists (organized and volunteer) by 31 December 1950. In the domestic security force, volunteers made up a substantial part of the approximately 3,000 reservists who were taking up the slack left by the departure of the regulars. They also assumed important duties in the training and replacement commands, recruit training, maintenance, and a myriad of specialized tasks. And their availability helped to make it possible for the Marine Corps to be the first of the Armed Forces to initiate a rotation program for the benefit of personnel with the longest service in Korea.

CONCLUSION

Rotation had its beginning on 5 March when 1,200 Marines arrived at San Francisco from Korea. And by the end of May, a total of about 6,000, including reservists, had been rotated.

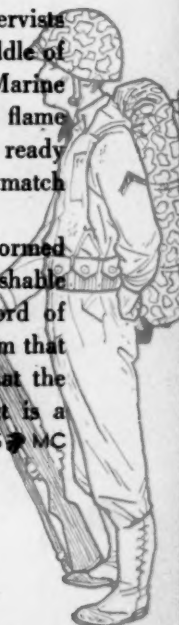
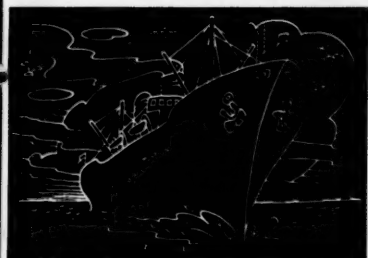
By this time, regular resources had begun to catch up with commitments. And in the early part of June the Marine Corps began releasing reservists from active duty, the first of approximately 64,000 who, barring unforeseen circumstances, will have been released by June, 1952.

Thus, as the cycle of the active duty service of Marine reservists approaches its end, it is fitting that the Marine Corps acknowledge, and the nation recognize, the remarkable role which the Marine Reserve has played in preserving American security during the present emergency.

Coming from every state in the Union, reservists swelled the ranks in great numbers, until by the middle of April they comprised 45 per cent of the total Marine Corps strength. In Korea they helped contain the flame of war, and at home they prepared and are now ready for immediate employment should the Korean match touch off a general conflagration.

Wherever they served, Marine reservists performed their duties so well that they became indistinguishable from regulars. And in the last analysis, the record of the Marine Corps Reserve is almost inseparable from that of the regular establishment. But to the extent that the story of the Reserve can be set apart and told, it is a story which undeniably deserves telling.

USMC



IT FREQUENTLY BECOMES NECESSARY FOR A BE-wildered naval officer to read (and understand) an operation order or other official paper issued by some other of the Armed Forces. Especially is this true if the naval officer is unfortunate enough to be involved in the planning of an amphibious operation. Brushing polite generalities aside, this has been my position, and I view with alarm the possible consequences if, in each case, I had not had a competent and experienced translator from the organization concerned.

While the U. S. Government has been employing all the combinations and permutations of an overworked, 26-letter alphabet, the Armed Forces have quietly and relentlessly gone about eliminating some of these letters. Although the Navy's shirts could stand a little brushing, by and large the Navy has adopted a conservative attitude as compared with some of its sister services. When one reads a Marine or Army operation order, the sight of an old, obsolete vowel is enough to bring tears of nostalgia to the eyes. To borrow from the language of "1984" we might call this truncated military language "conspeak"—to speak in consonants only. I often wonder if the advocates of this system of writing realize the advantage they are conceding to Russia; the Russians are much better at this consonant business than we are, and furthermore have more raw material to work with.

As far as I can find out this tendency toward brevity began with dropping articles. This article omission was carried over into conversation and, when I first became associated with Army officers, they tended to sound like they were reading newspaper headlines when they talked. The ground force component of the U. S. Armed Forces was not the Army but just Army. One can become accustomed to that sort of thing and, after a time, even understand snatches of what is being said. But once an insidious thing like that starts, it is very hard to keep under control. Now it is difficult not to reach the conclusion that brevity is no longer a means, but an end in itself. I shudder to think of what will happen in the final *reductio ad absurdum*.

TO EXAMINE the position of this intellectual retrograde movement at the present time, it is necessary to make a study of the current literature of *all* the Armed Forces. This is necessary in spite of continued efforts to collect a list of abbreviations common to all the Armed Forces, because, as fast as the list is edited and published, more are being madly added by each individual component. The present official Navy stand is that abbreviations should be pronounceable; such as Com for Commander (although there are two other abbreviations for Commander, CDR and COMDR, which are a trifle difficult to pronounce out loud) and to avoid using initials only. (such as USN for U. S. Navy, which is the authorized

BRVTY AT THE XPNS OF CLR TY



By Comdr John R. Howard, USN

abbreviation, incidentally.) From this it should be clear that the only way to explain the Navy rule clearly is to illustrate it with exceptions.

On the other hand the Army, Air Force, and Marine Corps are more consistent in method but quite inconsistent in execution. They subscribe to the idea of discarding vowels. It can readily be seen that this will never be accepted for common conversational use as most of the seductive import would be lost when a man whispered in his sweetheart's ear, "I lv you drly, my drlng, lt's hv a kss." Since there is an understandable reluctance among civilians to use this form of address it is apparent that a reserve officer called to active duty will find himself at a grave disadvantage, and might even feel that he is being discriminated against.

It may be argued that even military types may *write* that way but not even they would try to *talk* this verbal hash. However, I am reliably informed that in one Marine division, at least, it spilled over into the spoken language. Upon answering an insistent telephone call an officer was ordered to send sundry officers and enlisted (troop) personnel as follows: "Send three Os and twelve Trs to this HQ. These prs are needed at once." Admitting a reactionary reaction to this sort of

performance, I find myself on the verge of advocating putting the "u" back in "color" as the British do.

Indiscriminate abbreviation can be dangerous. I have seen the word aircraft abbreviated "ac." This same abbreviation, ac, is authorized in another service to mean accounts receivable. This sort of thing can have dire consequences in joint operations. Picture an officer expecting several aircraft (acrft to him) to arrive with reinforcements. He receives a message from an officer or another service which reads, "Ur ac arvd at 1800 pd Rpt at once." Thinking his bills have finally caught up with him, the poor fellow leads a Banzai charge.

It is difficult to imagine a document which should be written in language more clear and concise than a military order. I once worked for a very fine naval officer with many years of amphibious experience. Once, in my youthful enthusiasm, I objected to writing each part of a plan in complete sentences and spelling everything out, and remarked that amphibious plans were too voluminous anyway. He pointed out that if a few extra words would ensure the man who was to do the job understood it completely, all the extra words were well invested. (He added a polite suggestion that I not be so lazy.) No matter how clearly and concisely an order may be expressed, it is not likely to be carried out with dispatch when the recipient must use a special dictionary, an interpreter, and his imagination to decipher it.

Further, the system of making abbreviations by omitting vowels, and one of double letters, results in a number of duplications. Take "mtr;" these three letters may

easily mean motor, meter, matter, and do actually mean mortar. A message reading, "What is the maiter with the meter on the motor of the mortar carrier?," would read, "Wht is mtr with mtr of mtr crrr?" Admittedly this is an absurdity, but to my uninitiated mind some of the papers I have had to decipher looked like so many code groups, of a code for which I had no key.

THE OBVIOUS QUESTION is, what does this use of abbreviation accomplish? It does reduce the volume of paper, which in a military organization adds up to quite a saving.¹ It also gives the impression that there is much less to be read and digested. This latter is, of course, purely an illusion.

Another question might be, does it save time? This one is easy. Except for a rare genius, most people would require a special dictionary handy,² because the consequences of using the wrong abbreviation and thereby changing the meaning entirely would be so serious most of us would hesitate to trust our memories. Having checked with all the typists within earshot, I find that they are unanimous in declaring that no time is saved in typing, since each letter must be corrected individually and the manuscript cannot be typed by the word, as is done in the ordinary case. Some of these typists are Stenotype operators too, and a Stenotype appears to me to put out the same kind of hieroglyphic. However, I find that being qualified on the Stenotype does not qualify one to read military abbreviations, and besides takes about six weeks of intensive study to accomplish. This amount of time is much less than par for the military abbreviation course.

Lest there be misunderstanding, it is clearly convenient to abbreviate certain military terms in general and frequent use. I would be the first to admit that I would much rather write CinCNELM than Commander in Chief Naval Forces Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean, but a license to practice surgery does not grant the surgeon the right to excise perfectly useful and healthy organs.

As a voice in the wilderness, I cry out for an application of the brakes and even a return to the use of the English language most of us learned in school. As a prophet, probably without honor in his own country, I predict the eventual necessity for the addition of specialists to the TO, excuse me, I mean Tables of Organization, who follow each commander, like a commissar in some armies, to translate this military gobbledegook into basic English. USMC

¹Sometimes this saving of paper is frequently more apparent than real. In the case of the Marine division cited above, a fifty page dictionary was issued to translate orders. Woe to the officer who misplaced his dictionary. To him the orders looked like the name of a Polish politician.

²See note 1.





COLD

WAR

By Col Charles L. Banks

✦ SHORTLY AFTER THE unopposed landing at Wonsan, it was evident that the Korean winter presented a major hurdle in any planned military operation of the 1st Mar Div. With the advances to Koto-ri, Hagaru-ri, and Yudam-ni, the largest Marine unit in history to operate in extreme winter conditions worked with great success. However, when the temperature dropped to as low as 35 below zero the average Leatherneck wondered who the hell was the worse enemy—the Chinese or the cold.

Cold weather operations are not unknown to Marines, as the veterans of Iceland, the Aleutians, and Alaska can testify. During the post-war period, cold weather exercises were held on both the East and West coasts with units of the 1st and 2d Mar Divs participating, and the lessons and experience gained from the past were of great value to all members of the 1st Mar Div.

In the Chosin Reservoir area, where Marine troops encountered the most extreme cold, the average temperature for the latter part of November and early December ranged between plus and minus 10 degrees Fahrenheit, with the minimum about minus 35 degrees. Except for some curtailment of air operations, snow was not too much of an obstacle—during the period the average depth of snow was about one foot.



Loading box after box of cold weather gear in the San Diego heat last August had some of the Marines wondering what "knucklehead" had made this decision. It was not until they waded ashore at Wonsan that they realized the importance of the advance planning on the cold weather equipment.

After the Wonsan landing, the Marines generally wore the following clothing: Woolen undershirt and drawers (they aren't any more becoming than they ever were), utility trousers and jacket, flannel shirt, parka or M1943 jacket (for the hardier souls), sweater or alpaca vest, OD trousers, gloves or mittens with inserts, two to three pairs of ski socks, and shoe pacs. Of course there were variations on the above, but the layer principle of keeping warm was most effective.

Generally the clothing was good. The shoe pacs gave

the most trouble; even when wearing the proper number of inner soles and socks the feet would perspire while marching and the perspiration would freeze when at a halt or standing around. It was found that it was not practical to change the inner soles and socks when outdoors as it was too cold to expose hands and feet in the open. Frozen or frost-bitten feet were the cause of a high number of casualties; a great number of these could be laid to inadequate protection of the shoe pacs in the extreme cold. Men who wore the field shoe with a cloth arctic had little trouble with their feet, and some men used a couple of sand bags over the field shoes in preference to the shoe pac.

There was not as much trouble with frozen hands as feet; in extreme cold the mitten with inserts was found to offer much more protection than gloves. Of course, the one big disadvantage of the mitten is its clumsiness. The parka should have a reversible white side to offer better camouflage in the snow. In fact, one of the lessons we should learn from the Chinese is the superiority of their camouflage techniques over ours—we may not always have the overwhelming air superiority we had in Northern Korea.

The entrenching tools were found to be most unsatisfactory when used in the frozen ground. The pick was of some use, but the shovel was not strong enough to dig in the frozen ground. Regular shovels and picks had to be used in digging; these were difficult to carry on a pack.

It's not uncommon knowledge that when the temperature goes down the appetite increases—the body burns

LEFT: Marines advance down a snowy mountain road in the fight to break out of Chinese Communist trap at Koto-ri. **BELOW:** Fierce mountain gales lash at Marines as they move out from Koto-ri on returning to the coast.



up more energy and a larger number of calories are required. The ration must be reinforced with soup, cocoa, and coffee. The emergency rations, like the other rations, froze solid; if time was available they could be thawed with no damage, but often there was no time to warm up the rations properly. When on the march, a chocolate bar, similar to the old D Ration, would have been of inestimable value.

The Baker rations froze in the dumps, but this was no problem for the messes as the cans could be thawed before preparation. When the situation permitted, the preparation of Baker rations offered no insurmountable obstacles.

The tent stove was worth its weight in gold. Under the most intense cold it would keep a pyramidal tent very comfortable. Diesel fuel was used and considerable trouble was experienced in the fuel freezing if the can or drum was left outside. Although gasoline does not freeze and makes a hotter fire, the fire hazard is so much greater it should not be used in the camp stove except in emergencies.

The mountain sleeping bag was one of the Marines'



most prized possessions—and rightly so. For its comparative light weight it did a fine job keeping the Leather-necks warm in the coldest weather; of course, if you were sleeping in the open the number of clothes to be taken off was a major problem. Careful attention must be paid to the size when issuing a bag, for if you are over six feet you will find no room to spare in any but the large bag.

While manning a perimeter and even in the attack, it was found necessary to use warming tents. The tents were placed in the most protected spots as close to the front lines as possible. Men were relieved from the lines long enough to warm up and have an opportunity to change socks and inner soles when extra soles were available. In an effort to minimize the frozen feet casualties, regimental commanders prescribed two pairs of socks to be carried next to the body—the body heat would dry out the socks in a reasonable time.

The morning after the first extremely cold night many a machine gunner and BAR man found his weapon inoperative. It didn't take long for the smart gunner to figure the oil had frozen in its working parts. As the temperature dropped, the barest coating of oil was used if



you didn't want to have a frozen gun when the bugles and whistles of the enemy telegraphed another attack. In extreme cold the 4.2 mortar was somewhat erratic in range—the other mortars did not have this difficulty. There was little difficulty in keeping the M1 and carbine functioning in the cold except for the routine cleaning of the weapon that must be done in all climates.

The artillery had its problems. The nitrogen in the counter-recoil mechanism of the 105mm howitzer escaped, and with the grease freezing on the slides it would often take a gun one to three minutes to return to battery.



In one or two cases the cold affected the counter-recoil mechanism to such an extent a complete overhaul was required.

The division was very successful in keeping the automotive equipment operating. This was accomplished only by the superhuman effort of the motor transport personnel. Engines had to be warmed every two to three hours when the vehicles were operating. Special precautions had to be taken as the supply of anti-freeze and light oils was critical. Repairs were difficult as a mechanic could not expose his hands to any extent without becoming a casualty. When available, chains were used on all wheels to increase traction. In the 60-mile movement from Yudam-ni to Hamhung the division motor transport operated under not only extreme cold but adverse road conditions—a good portion of the march was made over narrow, precipitous mountain roads.

Native sleds were used, when available, with good results. The development of this type of equipment should be given study as the amount of equipment a man can carry in the snow and cold is limited. Native carriers were also used for transporting rations and ammunition on the march; their use had many drawbacks that were overcome, but it's not an ideal method of logistic support.

At Hagaru and Koto-ri a full scale air lift was inaugurated when the main supply route was cut off by



TOP: Marines take a break in sub-zero weather during epic withdrawal to Hagaru-ri. BOTTOM: Bringing its equipment, the 1st Mar Div breaks out to Koto-ri.



the enemy. Supplies were delivered by transport and by air drop; the great majority of supplies were dropped by parachute. The flexibility and effectiveness of air delivery of supplies was again demonstrated, this being the largest air drop to a Marine unit in history. Every type of supply was dropped, from a treadway bridge to life-saving whole blood and plasma. A great deal of credit for the successful buildup of supplies was due to the fine work of the air delivery platoon, which operated from Yong-po Airfield, near Hungnam.

The percentage of supplies damaged in the air drop was inconsequential as compared to the tons delivered. The drop areas were fairly large and trucks with native crews, supervised by Marines, were used to collect the items which in turn were delivered to the dumps. A large number of personnel were required to collect, sort, and stack supplies in an air drop of this magnitude.

Casualties were evacuated from Hagaru-ri and Koto-ri by air, this being accomplished by the use of two temporary landing strips within the defense perimeter of both areas. Air evacuation saved countless numbers of lives as many patients would not have been able to stand the rigors of the 60-mile march. All types of aircraft were used, from helicopters to four engine transports—the DC-3, workhorse of the last war, was used most successfully. About 25 per cent of the patients evacuated were stretcher cases; speedy processing by medical personnel at the receiving end saved many lives.

The jeep ambulance was not useable for most stretcher cases, due to the exposure to the extreme cold. The three-quarter ton ambulance, better known as the "cracker box," was used when possible for all stretcher cases. This vehicle, in addition to being closed, has a heater which is a definite requirement when evacuating patients any distance in such cold. The frost bite casualties were just as serious casualties as if they had been hit by enemy fire. They were treated with penicillin and other drugs and evacuated for hospitalization.

The efficiency of the air evacuation was a big factor in the division's successful closure of the Hamhung-Hungnam area, as the march could not have been accomplished in such good time if patients had been carried in the column.

The basic principles of both offensive and defensive tactics were little affected by the cold and snow. The endurance of the men was reduced, and the length of march possible was reduced as compared to operation in a temperate climate; however, good leadership, training, fire discipline, and aggressiveness again paid off.

The 1st Mar Div proved, once more, that despite the fanatical efforts of six Chinese Communist divisions, coupled with the extreme cold and snow, there is nothing that can compare with the aggressive and winning spirit of the United States Marines.

USMC

WHY GO TO COLLEGE

✻ ALL MARINE OFFICERS SHOULD DO A TOUR OF DUTY at Headquarters! Without that experience, it is hard to appreciate what goes on there.

For instance, near midnight of D-day at Guadalcanal the beach had become impossibly congested with supplies. Hourly, the situation was confounded. The only top-drawer staff officer not trying to do something about it made an astute diagnosis: "The fault rests with Headquarters Marine Corps. They alone are to blame for this."

Perhaps he was right. But what could Headquarters do about the immediate problem?

Now there is little need to rise in defense of that vague personification, "Headquarters." Since it is the driver's seat, natural defenses are adequate. Moreover, healthy growling discloses new ideas, for which our administrators are alert.

We can, however, consider a recent growl: "Here is the first published indication that planners are aware officers desire to complete their college education."*

Let's challenge that statement, except the word "published." Taking issue with that word would be weaseling. As the term is used by industry, we do suffer from inadequate "communication." Each important Marine Corps problem might be discussed in the *GAZETTE*, *Leatherneck*, Monthly Information Bulletin, or a Marine Corps Memorandum when it arises and as it continues. But deadlines and workloads impede or stifle that procedure. Only the more critical matters seem to get adequate treatment.

But formal academic training for officers is unquestionably an important subject. It has been studied

**Let's Go To College*, 2ndLt Charles R. Stiles, *Marine Corps GAZETTE*, October, 1950.

By Mike C. Persad

repeatedly in Washington, despite the lack of publicity. Let's attempt to see the planners' viewpoint.

Between the wars, Marine Corps officer strength was stabilized near 1000. After demobilization our long-range peacetime requirements appeared to be 7000. The Transfer Act provided a means for reconstituting a body of career officers. Eligibility for a regular commission was fixed at the *equivalent* of two years' college education.

That standard was not found in a crystal ball. Experienced educators agreed that broad fundamentals are obtained during the first two years of college. With such foundation, the student then proceeds in his area of concentration, specialization, or major. Career Marine officers could be expected to specialize in "Marine science." This training would be "on-the-job."

Upon enactment of the Holloway Plan, the 5-term college program was proposed for the Marine Corps as the Navy. After prolonged study and consideration, the only alternative was to reject it.

There was no dispute with the proposition that an officers' college program was desirable. The mere fact that an individual had a baccalaureate degree would undoubtedly enhance his prestige and self-esteem. In most cases, however, that degree would be obtained under the Holloway Plan by chance. The 5-year program provides that an officer complete but 2½ years of formal college training. It would, therefore, be necessary for him to persuade the educators to give him 1½ years' credit for "service experience." Overloaded with GI students eligible for a 4-year subsidy at tuition rates bearing a preferential tariff, our colleges were not about to grant such concessions. And mind you the Marine Corps had already determined that its officers had the *equivalent* of two years' college education.

But that wasn't all. Let's assume that appropriations were of no consideration, an obviously hypothetical premise. Even with adequate funds, the program was not mathematically feasible. There were just too many officers involved. We might have suspended all professional training and spread the college program over a



period of perhaps 10 years, but then there wouldn't have been a sufficient number left to fill essential billets.

So the question now becomes, "Why go to college?"

Yes, if you compare yourself with someone who does have a degree, it may injure your pride. This is particularly so when you select some character who received his BA after majoring in football and taking a strong minor in music appreciation. But leaders in business and government continue to rise from among those who won their "Y" through practical experience and have never even seen Yale. Some of today's outstanding senior Marine officers also came up the hard way.

Another advantage: Possession of a bachelor's degree is supposed to be an admission ticket to graduate work at civilian institutions. Perhaps so, but the college transcript must be processed by the registrar's office, graduate school, and some departmental committee. (We can be more choosy when the prospect isn't eligible for athletics).

For example, not too long ago a Marine officer was on leave enroute to a university where he expected to spend the following year. It was learned that, in spite of his degree, the school would not accept him because of low

The varied experiences that a regular Marine Corps officer is exposed to in the course of his service are far more valuable to him and to the Corps than the knowledge gained behind the ivy-covered walls of college. Forget that diploma. Let the Marines teach you.



undergraduate marks. His orders were changed by dispatch. He dropped dead after reading it!

There have been more fortunate cases. An officer applied for a similar course in another institution. His marks while a college boy depended upon how he liked

the professor, well-diluted by the availability of cash, beer, and blondes. He, too, was refused admission to graduate school but was permitted to take undergraduate work "on probation" for one term to gain admittance. Having learned the facts of life in combat, he finished the course with straight As and still had time to devote to his family.

Our colleges normally require acceptable credits and a degree for admission. Why not? That's their stock in trade! But we can resolve the dilemma. The only effort necessary is administrative.

Many schools now utilize placement tests to determine educational achievement. They also accept special students of "mature years and adequate background" with or without credit. We need merely to assure ourselves of the qualifications of our candidates and then relentlessly force the issue. College officials easily wither under coordinated attack. Such is their assurance of our "motivation."

For example, some months ago a Marine officer was refused admission to an advanced course on the basis of his earlier academic record. (What we fail to do, of course, is to advise the college of his accomplishment after those student years). The general officer riding herd on this particular program, to put it mildly, was provoked. He had personally selected the officer. An emissary talked with the dean who made the ruling. His position was most reasonable. He asked for evidence, in addition to the formal school record, on which he might base an opinion. Then he noted, "Even though we fail to recommend acceptance, you tell Gen X that if he insists we'll admit any student. Moreover, we shall make no effort to prove that we were right in our prediction. In fact, we shall be more than glad to know that we were wrong."

☛ THIS LEADS US TO THE CONCLUSION that possession of a degree should be omitted from our training specifications. Eligibility for schooling under civilian jurisdiction needs to be based upon other criteria. (In fact, it must be admitted that most of our "prerequisites," "cutting scores," or "norms" have been determined by so-called *a priori* methods, which is another topic). Also, we should note that there are but few who get the op-

portunity, if such it is, to attend civilian schools. Military schools don't ask to see your degree.

Can we turn now to a different aspect? Mere service is in itself a liberal education. We have substantiation. A group of officers entering a university just a few years ago were required to take the Graduate Record Examination. These tests are standardized on a large population of college seniors. They measure learning in the areas of mathematics, physical science, biological science, social studies, literature, arts, effect of expression, and vocabulary. Two results might be anticipated. First, the student would score above average in his major and cognate subjects but fall below average in the others. Second, those who had been away from school for some years would not do as well as those continuously in the academic environment. The junior of this group had eight years' commissioned service.

The outcome? Every officer scored in the average zone or higher in *all* areas. That startled the dean of the graduate school sufficiently to bring their scores to the attention of the president of the university.

☛ PERHAPS WE CAN'T PROVE OUR POINT, but we can speculate. Marine officers travel. Most keep abreast of current events. Rotation brings varied experience. All compose letters and reports. What requires more concentrated mental effort than the solution of a tactical or logistic problem, theoretical or actual? This is known to the psychological trade as "creative thinking."

So, why go to college? Many officers seem to have undue faith in that institution. Also, their interest has been aroused by the poor achievement of a recent Basic School class. Its failures were the consternation of Headquarters and instigated detailed study.

Unquestionably, certain members of the class lacked adequate motivation for a Marine Corps career. Historically we know it was composed of some who might evade combat while being "educated." May we examine the box score?

	Number	Passed
College graduates	80	86.2%
Non-graduates	185	84.8

The difference between the two categories is not statistically significant. But let us also compare college degrees with the scores of those who, on the basis of the Officer Selection Test, indicated that they had achieved the *equivalent* of 4-years' college:

	Number	Passed
College degree	80	86.2%
Equivalent on test	117	90.6

These findings caused the Marine Corps to adopt the 4-year equivalence standard. They also indicate that as a prerequisite to graduate work we should fight to certify

our test scores to civilian institutions rather than rely on out-dated academic records.

Now let us examine some concrete proposals regarding the improvement of formal education.

The first idea, which recurs periodically, is to station at posts near metropolitan areas those officers lacking a degree. This would afford them access to a college. There is no fault with the suggestion except its arithmetic. While we have many such posts, total officer billets are too few. If you do get this chance, however, take advantage of it!

☛ ANOTHER IDEA is to assign these officers to NROTC units so that they can attend school. The Marine Corps would unquestionably accept this proposition—but the colleges take a dim view of it. After all, degrees are their merchandise. All faculty members have them. The staff of an NROTC unit is "faculty."

Next, is to permit these officers to attend school in leave status or on half pay. The idea is good except that budget authorities fix personnel ceilings. These students, regardless of any savings in pay, would be included in the ceiling. The Marine Corps would then have an in-

sufficient number of officers available for general assignment.

Some claim that enrollment in the MCI fails to provide the answer. True, if we are looking for the *complete* answer. However, it can afford the base for any academic program.

Let's consider that base. What does a Marine officer really need in the line of formal education? Most will settle for: mathematics through trigonometry, elementary physics, and command of the English language. Desirable are: history, economics, biology, educational methods, general psychology, chemistry, one foreign language. What can't be obtained through MCI is provided by USAFI. Moreover, the formation of small study groups or seminars at the larger posts could accomplish wonders.

No one can teach you! You must learn. Correspondence courses pay off in proportion to the energy you devote to them. Where more directive instruction is desired, it is readily available to small groups having the initiative to ask for it.

Take the education and let the credit go. Why go to college? Matriculate at Marine Corps U! USMC



From Meritorious NCO to

☛ MARINE CORPS MEMORANDA 3-51, 4-51, AND 5-51 outline the program by which meritorious NCOs, with certain other qualifications, may become second lieutenants. Undoubtedly, Headquarters Marine Corps has already received hundreds of recommendations and, in due time, many of the deserving NCOs recommended will be selected for this promotion into the highly select and, certainly, elite group, the U. S. Marine Corps officer corps. The pitfalls described herein are some of those which are likely to be found directly in the paths of these same NCOs once they have received those much cherished commissions and step into an entirely new life, a life much more different and much more complicated than they had bargained for.

If the reader is an NCO contemplating such a step or an officer contemplating recommending some hard charging NCO for this selection, and the reading of this article causes either to stop and reconsider, it will be well worth the writing and the reading. Therefore, I am attempting to advise in two directions; if you are considering this step or are an officer considering recommending a man for this step, ask yourself, can you or can he avoid these pitfalls? Permit me to tell you about another group of hard chargers, the hard chargers of '41, '42, and 43.

We were the 28 men. With hard work, a clean record, and a little luck plus a promise to ship over, we had a chance to get into the 2980 group from which status we handled working parties, charge of quarters, and corporal of the guard. From that exalted position we had a clearer view of the next step—that step to the

By MSgt Charles V. Crumb



corporals' table and the NCO Club. To us the Marine officer came from a never-never land, a land of shined boots and trim breeches, of polo ponies and freshly starched ladies, of Sam Browne belts and low quarter shoes, of dress whites and wide chin straps. Between us and the officers worked that hard rock of efficiency,

which the wills and the word of the officers passed. We were now working next to them. We found that they lived in this world after all, that they were human, they had troubles, and even that they sometimes made mistakes, and their trousers would sometimes shrink the same as ours if they were sent to a cleaner that did not know

to Second Lieutenant

that professional of all professional soldiers, the Marine Corps NCO of the '30s. Through him we got a picture of the all wise, impeccably neat, always courteous, unflustered, and ever efficient Marine Corps officer: the lieutenants with their quiet and even air of courteous concern over a man's welfare and the fit of his shirt, the hard voiced captains on the parade with a cold eye behind the desk at company office hours, the graying major with the trim mustache, and the battalion and regimental commanders—Well, how many of you remember LtCol Clifton B. Cates standing high on the steps of the barracks on Chengtu Road, uniformed in trim greens, polished boots, surveying his 2d Bn, 4th Marines, prior to descending for an inspection? We could only hope that some day—some day in the far away future, if we kept a clean record and stayed in long enough, we could get a glimpse of that never-never land by making Marine Gunner.

Well, what happened? Three characters that had been stamping and bellowing for a long time, the three characters, Hitler, Tojo, and Mussolini, who were responsible for so many promotions, finally got completely out of hand. Recruiters beat the bushes to get us up to 18,000, then went out again to put us up to 25,000, then to 45,000, and finally unlimited. We had red stripes down the sides of our blues before we knew it, then sergeant, platoon sergeant, and then, that goal of goals, the company gunny. We were now that medium through

his business. Yes, we found they were all of these things but they were still tops, their authority and their decisions went unquestioned. They were still the best leaders in the world.

Then one day you were ushered into a presence and offered a chair and a cigarette, the latter of which you declined with a crisp, "No thank you, sir," while sitting at attention. Then you heard the question, "Well, Gunny, how would you like to be a second lieutenant?" Not many months later you found yourself being measured for an overcoat with padding in the shoulders and a tailored waist, which you did not get much of a chance to enjoy for where you were going overcoats were not prescribed as being a part of the uniform of the day.

Now, YOU were an officer. How well did you do your job? What mistakes did you make and generally keep on making?

Well, first, you found it difficult to keep from sounding off. There are times, both in and out of combat areas, when the situation demands that someone has to wade in with a big step and a loud bellow and get things squared away in a hurry. When one of these situations develops, and you are nearby, it is the most natural thing in the world for you to forget about those bars that you are wearing, and that little piece of paper back in your personal files, and wade in without even noticing that some good NCO was getting there on the run to do just the same.

The good, senior NCO encounters new problems when he puts on the bars of a second lieutenant. He discovers that the habits he has developed over the years, which made him a good NCO, may prevent him from becoming anything but a mediocre officer

As a student company commander in Reserve Officer Class in Quantico, I detrucked my company near a group of some type of nut bearing trees. One young lad, instead of getting into ranks, shed his pack and rifle and proceeded to climb one of the trees and start picking the fruit therefrom. With a blast that shook the very bough he was ascending, I roared, "Get the h— out of that G— D— tree and get into ranks." The culprit detreed in the manner of flying squirrels and reattired himself with his gear in nothing flat. Later, a thoughtful member of the instruction staff reminded me that officers did not do those things, that that type of job was the specific meat of the NCOs.

The next big pitfall was the fact that oftentimes you tried to do both your job and the platoon sergeant's. Never will I forget the words and the look of BrigGen LeRoy P. Hunt, then ADC of the 2d Div, when he came upon me giving the commands for throwing training grenades while a platoon sergeant and two buck sergeants stood by idly telling sea stories. With a continuous effort I managed most of the time, after that, to keep from infringing on the duties of the platoon sergeant and guide. Almost all of the officers I knew who had a background of long service as NCOs found themselves guilty of not being able to circumvent this pitfall at some point or other in their careers as officers.

Junior officers with years of service in the Corps as NCOs, sometime take their preparation for a given phase of training for granted. Too often they feel that their days of studying and cracking the books until the late hours are over. At one time during my career as an officer, I was the senior machine gun officer in the battalion. We took all three of the machine gun platoons out on an indirect firing problem. I had not prepared myself properly. A young officer, eight years my junior and barely five months out of Quantico, had me completely snowed. Don't sell these young college lads short. Remember they had to leap a lot of hurdles and convince a lot of solid thinking people, including Marine officers, to get that little piece of paper that proclaimed them officers and gentlemen. They are young, alert, used to study, used to learning, and for the most part, in there charging hard.

Oftentimes, you found yourself trying to stand on your years of service. If you find yourself feeling that some platoon sergeant with only one hashmark is looking

down his nose at you, as sometimes senior NCOs who are not too sharp may do, remember there are no hashmarks on your officer's uniform and he may not have noticed the graying locks, if you are lucky enough to have some of same, under the headgear. Even so, you could be one of those characters that you sometimes read about but that I never saw, a commission out of nowhere, because you were a specialist in civil life and had been shipped into the FMF because of the inadvertency of a clerk in HQMC. The one hash mark platoon sergeant doesn't know and you can't say what you feel like saying, "Why, you young squirt, I was standing watches on the Tartar Wall when you were a freshman in high school." No, you won your way as an NCO but now you must start all over again; you must win your way as an officer. Standing on the unfirm ground of your two shiny golden bars you launch yourself anew to make your mark in a different and tougher field.

☛ SOME OFFICERS who have had long service in the ranks and find themselves in the same unit as some of their former bunkies find it difficult to remember that when they gained the privilege of becoming members of the officers' club they lost the privilege of being members of the staff NCO club, even though the chow and other refreshments there are just as good and much less expensive. You cannot be an officer by day and a staff NCO by night, even for only a few nights a month. After you have had a few at the officers' club and begin to feel lonely, do not go to the staff NCO club to talk over the "good old days" in the "Old Corps." You may not be as welcome as you imagine yourself to be. You'd better get back to your quarters and get plenty of sleep; you'll need a clear head tomorrow, you are a court recorder for a summary court, remember?

As for me, I was like a proverbial fish-out-of-water. I was senior to every officer in the battalion, except the CO, in age. I had more active duty time than the CO. The officers in my grade listened to my sea stories with courtesy, called me "Pappy" and afterward talked about college pledges, calculus and electrical engineering. The CO and the exec were the only ones who had ever been overseas before and neither one of them had been to China or on the *Henderson* or *Chaumont*. For all any other officer in the battalion knew, Bubbling Well Road could have been in upper New York State.

Sometime ago, I had an opportunity to peruse my records at Headquarters. I was not singularly surprised to find that my fitness reports as an NCO, both before and after my tenure as a commissioned officer, were better than those received as an officer. Could it be, that in making me a commissioned officer, the Marine Corps lost the services of a good NCO and gained the services of but a mediocre officer?

USMC



In Brief

All royalties from David Douglas Duncan's new book, *This Is War*, will go directly to the Navy Relief Society at Camp Pendleton for the use of families of Marines who died in Korea. The graphic picture story of Marine operations by the famous *Life* photographer has already achieved wide critical acclaim for its stark reality in portraying the tensions and actions of combat. Ex-Marine Duncan said that the book belonged to the families of his comrades, "so whatever money it makes will help . . . if only to get them some one extra thing that my friends would have liked to have gotten their wives and kids, themselves."

A new field boot has recently been adopted by the Marine Corps as a standard item of issue in lieu of the present field shoe and legging. The boot will be made on a standard Marine Corps last with regular vamp and hard box toe; the rough side will be out and the boot will be dyed a dark brown mahogany shade; it will be 10½ inches high, fully laced through five pairs of eyelets and six pairs of hooks with provision for emergency lacing through eyelets should a hook break. In view of the present stock of field shoes, it is anticipated that the new boot will be issued in limited quantities only, until current supplies are exhausted.

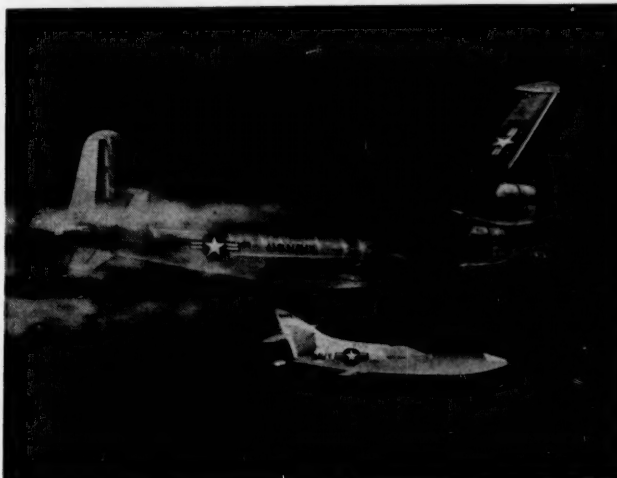
A Joint Airborne Troop Board comprised of officers of all services has been established at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. The Board will function as a Department of the Army agency under MajGen William M. Miley, one of the Army's airborne pioneers. It will be charged with developing doctrines and procedures to be used by the Army and Marines, and with evaluation of joint tactics and techniques.

An airborne cargo plane loader has been developed and demonstrated by the Lockheed Corporation. With the aid of two new pieces of equipment, a portable outdoor freight elevator and an in-plane mechanical stevedore, it will be possible to load and unload the biggest transports at the most forward airfields. The elevator can lift loads of 10,000 pounds more than 12 feet, while the stevedore, a sub-floor endless chain conveyor, can handle equal loads.

The British Army has adopted a new rifle. It is to be the standard weapon of all infantry elements. The War Office announced that the new weapon is 12 ounces lighter than the old .303, and that its cartridge is 18 per cent lighter than the present issue. The new, lighter, shorter cartridge does not sacrifice anything in penetrating power, yet the recoil of the rifle is considerably less. The rate of fire of the new weapon, a semi-automatic, is three to four times that of the present Lee-Enfield.

Marine Scout-Snipers currently are being employed on a large scale in the fighting on the central Korean front. The 7th Marines have selected six men from each company to perform the duties of scout-snipers in laying down interdiction fire on the apertures of enemy bunkers in the tangled ridge country now confronting the regiment. The men, all expert riflemen, have been instrumental in smoothing the way for their units' assaults by pinning down and, in many cases, killing the enemy machine gunners in the bunkers. Using a two-power scope on either the '03 or the M-1, the snipers can bounce a C-ration can at 800 yards.

The highest speed and altitude ever recorded by a piloted plane have been attained by the Navy's Douglas Skyrocket. After being carried aloft by a B-29 mother plane, the Skyrocket was launched in the air and climbed to the upper atmosphere. Normally a jet and rocket powered ship, the Skyrocket was equipped for this test with rocket power only. Security regulations forbid mentioning actual results but the Navy says they are unprecedented.



By 1stLt Hans W. Henzel

Line of Battle

✻ BY 17 AUGUST 1942 THE RUSSIANS HAD BEEN ABLE to collect enough reserves to establish a defensive line. This line was more or less semi-circular about Stalingrad as far out as the Don River. In order for the Germans to gather a striking force powerful enough to attempt to breach the Russian positions, forces had to be drawn from other fronts. This, as has been noted, so weakened the efforts from which these elements were drawn that it seriously endangered their success. In the final analysis, this was one of the primary reasons for the collapse of the entire offensive.

Still trying to take advantage of Russian disorganization, in spite of the temporary diversion southward during the previous weeks, the German Fourth Panzer Army and Sixth Army attempted to resume the initial offensive by attacking as soon as the Fourth Panzer had returned to the line. On the afternoon of 17 August the German armies launched a powerful three-pronged attack on the Russian positions defending Stalingrad. The strongest of the three blows was launched against the northern sector.

Here two tank divisions, two motorized divisions, and six infantry divisions with heavy air support were hurled against the Russians in the vicinity of Vertyachi. This

aggregation of strength amounted to some 115,000 combat troops. In the center the attack was carried by three infantry divisions, about 45,000 troops, in the Kalach area. The southern prong of the attack came from the southwest along the railway leading into Stalingrad. This force consisted of two tank divisions, one motorized division, and three infantry divisions, about 75,000 troops. In all, the Germans struck that afternoon with about 235,000 men. The objective—Stalingrad; the distance—40 miles.

The strong force attacking from Vertyachi had broken through the Russian defenses and by 23 August had reached the Volga at the village of Rinok. The forces defending Stalingrad had thereby been cut off from the main Russian armies in the north. This strong German thrust was, however, not able to fully exploit its advantage and swing south into the city itself because of the tremendous pressure Timoshenko was exerting on its northern flank.

German heavy siege gun set up on the outskirts of Stalingrad firing in support of the all-out assault of the 6th Army.

Wide World



STALINGRAD OFFENSIVE

PART II

Synopsis

The German offensive in the summer of 1942 had been successful in driving the Russians back from all the initial objectives of the swift, panzer-spearheaded advance. However, the Soviet forces recoiled and set up a stubborn defense line that slowed the German drive. Hitler, infuriated by the very name of Stalingrad, changed the whole plan of the general staff for the offensive

and decreed that Stalingrad must be taken at all costs. The city, previously a secondary objective in the drive on the Caucasus, became the primary target of German operations. The battle that was beginning to take its final shape held bitter portents for the future of German hopes of conquering the Russians.



On 26 August the Luftwaffe delivered one of the most devastating of its mass raids on the main part of the city. August 31 saw attacking German forces within 18 miles of their goal; by 3 September the distance was only 10. In contrast, this may seem slow to the lightning advances across the steppe. The resistance was becoming more and more intense as the 62d Siberian Army drew into its tightened defensive area. As the area around Stalingrad grew smaller the Germans' undertaking became more difficult and they lost one of their greatest advantages. With the restriction of the zone of action, the opportunity for maneuver, as a means to draw the defenders loose from their positions, became impossible. The Germans had to resort to head-on battering-ram attacks. This type action is severe and costly enough, but in this case the commanders were being constantly abused by Hitler for their delay and inability to seize "The City of Stalin." The cost in human life of such operations was staggering. The last 10 miles to the outskirts of the city were covered by 14 September. During

the afternoon of the 14th one of the armored columns of the Fourth Panzer Army penetrated the heart of the city and captured, along with its supporting motorized infantry, the heights of Mamai Kurgan. These heights had been used as a burial ground by Tartar chieftains. Also, at the same time the armored column in the north had penetrated the city, another armored column had beaten its way through to Elshanka, a village on the Volga south of Stalingrad. The capture of Mamai Kurgan, coupled with the isolation of Stalingrad by the seizure of Rinok and Elshanka, were of great tactical importance. It indicated that by the end of September, when the Germans were also in control of the Red October Factory area and the business district, the German armies had actually taken the city.

✿ IT IS HARD to imagine that a city which can very aptly be compared to Pittsburgh, not only in location and strategic importance but also in population, could be invested and devastated by so many individuals intent only upon making its streets run with each other's blood. Into this city were squeezed not only the attacking German forces but also the entire 62d Siberian Army. That is, what was left of them after being assigned the job of acting as a "meat-grinder" stop gap against the German panzers on the steppes. The Russians had suffered heavily, already having lost nearly a half-million men since their own offensive in May. Into this overcrowded inferno Timoshenko sent the fresh 13th Guards Rifle Division and MajGen Alexander Rodimtsev to aid Chuikov's 62d Army in holding the last area which the Russians controlled, a front of about 20 miles from Rinok to Elshanka. This area was the bluffs of the Volga, some 100 to 200 yards from the river, inaccessible to direct German attacks because of its reverse slopes. Into this, the 62d Army had burrowed.

Controlling the Mamai Kurgan, the Germans were able to lay controlled artillery fire on all the Russian positions including their only route of supply, ferries over the mile-wide Volga. The Russians, on the other hand, with their heavy artillery emplaced on the far eastern

The high tide of the German assault wave washed up on the ruins of Stalingrad. The decisive battle fought in its streets ended Hitler's dream of subduing the Russians. The embattled defenders of the city witnessed the death of an entire German Army

bank of the Volga, could shell the German positions and lay counter-battery fire at will on any point with devastating effect. It was under cover of this Russian artillery that Rodimtsev's 13th Guards Rifle Div was ferried across to the narrow strip of Stalingrad the Russians held. The situation for the Russians was acute. Never could they depend upon renewal of supplies. The supplies never were over enough to last for two and a half days. After Rodimtsev's division was sent in, no more Russian reinforcements were committed to the battle for the city, but, all were concentrated on the flanks for the counter-offensive. The Russians were hanging by a thread, but that thread was enough.

Rodimtsev gathered his fresh regiments and exchanged hammer blows with the Germans. The 13th Guards Rifle Div hurled itself against the German positions on the Mamai Kurgan. Again and again the Russians stormed the heights. Thousands and thousands of Russians died in these attacks, but in the end the Germans were driven from this commanding position on 16 September. However, the Russians were to be driven off again by the Germans who partially recaptured it a week later. Street fighting now became the order of the day. The situation had settled to the static phase of siege warfare.

The struggle for the city became as much of a war of attrition as has ever been recorded. The further the Germans penetrated into the built-up defenses in the heart of the city, the more costly it became and the more difficult it became to budge its unflinching defenders. Each step forward cost more and gained less.

From the end of September through October to early November the Germans exhausted themselves attempting to capture the Stalingrad Tractor Plant, Barricades Machine Construction Factory, Red October Factory, the business district, and the Mamai Kurgan, the five most strategic points in the city. Three of these, the business district, the Red October Factory, and the Mamai Kurgan, they held for most of the 66 days' siege. The fighting was most bitter. During this period the Germans lost an average of from 1000 to 4000 men per day.

✿ TYPICAL OF THE ACTIONS was that which occurred on 14 October. The Germans made an attempt to seize the Tractor Plant. The German attack was preceded by a four-hour heavy artillery barrage and heavy bombings (some 2,500 recorded flights). This German attack was carried by five infantry divisions and two tank divisions on a three-mile front. By nightfall of the 14th, the attack had carried the advance one mile where it petered out from sheer exhaustion.

The German losses had been terrific and staggering to say the least. Every inch of the way had been bitterly contested, every street, every building, every room. But the Germans had not succeeded in their efforts.

In the meantime the Fuehrer, sitting back in Berlin at the Oberkommando der Wehrmacht had made much of the events taking place on the Volga. "The supreme efforts of German arms to overcome the Bolshevik hordes, etc." Hitler had focused the attention of the German people and the world upon this struggle. He sacrificed any possibility of success elsewhere by his insane desire to capture "The City of Stalin," whose very existence he considered a personal affront. He had driven the General Staff to despair by his insistence on forcing the issue. All factors notwithstanding, he ordered that the city should be taken before 6 November 1942.

✿ THE FIELD COMMANDERS were made to comply. But the situation had become so acute that it took longer than anticipated to gather the needed supplies before another large scale attack could be mounted. On 11 November the attack was delivered. For 80 hours the Germans pounded the Russian positions with heavy artillery fire and air bombardments. Passing close by Mamai Kurgan the attack was aimed directly at the Red October Factory. The Eighth Guards Rifle Div, the Siberians under MajGen Gurtiev, bore the brunt of the attack. On that day the Eighth Guards Div withstood 23 separate attacks. These, together with the attacks the Germans had launched against them in the 30 days preceding, amounted to a total of 117. The losses on both sides were terrific and the suffering can only be measured in abstract terms in a geometric ratio to the deaths. This was November and it was getting cold. The intensity of the fight can be measured by the fact that every type of weapon in the German arsenal was used. At the height of the battle 13,000 machine guns were in action. 6,000 tons of metal, on the average, were dropped on every kilometer of the Stalingrad front.

This mighty German effort had secured only some 20 yards of the building of the Red October Factory! The last great German bid for complete control of the city had failed, even though the Russian position was deathly precarious. The 11th of November, 1942, if no other event had even given an indication, clearly showed that this engagement was the beginning of the end.

At this point it might be significant to note the changes in command which took place on both sides during the battle. On the Russian side, Generalissimo Stalin had reorganized his entire high command. Consequently, at about the time the Germans made their first concentrated effort to capture all of Stalingrad in September, Timoshenko was replaced by an officer little known outside of the Soviet Union. This man was Gen Zhukov. He was sent to Stalingrad under the same conditions which had prevailed a year before at Moscow, where he also replaced Timoshenko and launched a successful counter-offensive. While Zhukov was made the overall commander, the immediate front at Stalingrad was in command

of ColGen Ermenko.

On the German side, the situation was hardly one for which new successes could be anticipated. The dissension between Hitler and his general officers, especially the Chief of the General Staff, Halder, became violent as to the uselessness of attempting to take Stalingrad or even holding such a point in face of the huge Russian forces which were being assembled on its flanks and would soon be thrown full force against the German position. So irate did Hitler become at the outspoken objections Halder presented against his obstinate mania to continue the attacks and refusal to withdraw to stronger defensive positions where space for maneuver might be able to overcome the enemy superiority in numbers, that Halder was dismissed. Halder was replaced by Gen Zeitzler whom Hitler thought to be more compliant to his demands. Thus, Hitler was able to continue his unwise policies unhindered. It did not take Zeitzler long to realize the folly of clinging to Stalingrad while losses climbed to phenomenal figures and the drain on supplies strained the remaining resources to the utmost. Von List was sent to command the withdrawal of the remnants of special Army Group "A" from the Caucasus while von Manstein was moved up to command Army Group South. In view of the task assigned him Manstein did an admir-

LtGen Rokossovsky and Marshal Zhukov, overall commander of the Russian Armies, confer near Stalingrad.

Sovfoto



able job of extricating his entire force from the over-extension in the south where it was faced with near extermination by one of Zhukov's huge armies. Von Manstein's skill had enabled him to outlast the sharpness of his tongue, which, along with many others, had lashed out verbally at his Fuehrer. Finally, like the others, he too eventually received his reward. He was shelved early in 1943 on grounds that he had been unable to break through to the army which was soon to be encircled at Stalingrad.

On 19 November 1942, Army Gen Zhukov gave the order to launch the counter-offensive. New punching power was given this offensive by the fact that the Russians had learned a few lessons from their enemy and had massed all their tank divisions and brigades into large powerful tank corps.

On the northern salient the Russians crossed the Don and sent four tank corps and two cavalry corps ripping through the German lines in the Kletskaia sector. This drive, composed of two attacking spearheads, made a 62-mile dash across the frozen steppe to Kalach and thereby placed themselves squarely in the rear of the German Sixth Army. Simultaneously, another Russian army composed of two mechanized corps and two cavalry corps drove upward from the south, cutting the Stalingrad-Rostov railway, to meet the drive from the north at Kalach. By 22 November the two Russian attacks had joined and the German Sixth Army had been completely encircled. The German positions were much like a horizontal figure eight with the Russian armies pinching the two halves in the middle. Elements of the German Fourth Panzer Army had attempted to stem the breach of the break-through in the western half of the figure eight and had thereby escaped being caught in the eastern half with the remaining units of the Fourth Panzer and the entire Sixth Armies. The next day the two other prongs of the Russian attack joined outside of Kalach, completing the second ring around von Paulus' Sixth Army.

IN THE NORTHERN SECTOR around Vertyachi, the defending elements of the Fourth Panzer Army had met the headlong rush of the Russian tank army. For days it was tank chew tank with the all-out viciousness of two insane combatants in a death struggle. When the battered remnants of the German armored units withdrew they left more than half their vehicles and personnel scattered about in the windswept snow of the steppe before Vertyachi. The divisions defending the German line had been chewed down to less than 40 per cent of their original strength. However, at this stage of the operation the Germans still had enough strength to have broken through this ring had they had instructions to do so. On the contrary, von Paulus withdrew his badly mauled divisions from the outer fringes of the Russian attack to form a





ring within a ring. Two days later the fate of the 330,000 Germans within the ring had been sealed. Fresh Russian infantry divisions had followed up in the wake of the tanks and cemented the encircling ring solid. The distance between the German Fourth Army and the rest of the German forces daily became greater. Now, had von Paulus even been ordered to do so, he would not have been able to break out.

The fact that the German Sixth Army was now surrounded and trapped did not come as any surprise to the German field commanders. For months they had known that the Russians were building up a great deal of strength on the German flanks. They knew, too, that

these long, overextended flanks were held by poor Rumanian, Hungarian, and Italian divisions. The Germans were too weak to strengthen these lines with their own troops. It was here that the Russian attacks broke through. The German officers were powerless to remedy this situation. Hitler had ordered them to stand and hold where they were.

From this point on the battle became less of a battle from a military standpoint. It was a brutal struggle of elimination. Of the 330,000 men assigned to the Sixth Army, 140,000 had already been lost by the beginning of December. Hitler, infuriated by the success of the Russian counter-offensive and the inability of the German commanders to stop it, promoted von Manstein to Field Marshal and made him overall commander of the front (Army Group South and Army Group "A"). He was given the mission of counterattacking the Russian counter-offensive in order to break the 62-mile ring which was choking the Sixth Army to death.

He gathered his scanty forces. On 12 December von Manstein launched his attack to break through to the beleaguered Sixth Army. The attack was made with two panzer divisions, four infantry divisions, and two cavalry divisions. The fury of the attack struck the Russian III Guards Tank Corps and IV Guards Mechanized Corps, which reeled back some 12 miles. There, the Russian forces, superior in number and equipment, reorganized and the German attack ground to an agonizing stop. Meanwhile, Zhukov had expanded his zone of offensive



Soviet infantrymen attack heavily-defended German positions near railway station. Sovfoto

action and captured the town of Kotelnikovo, the base from which the German attack had been launched. But the Germans still gambled one more time and tried to mount another attack. This, too, was overrun before it could gain any momentum.

In the words of Soviet Gen Malinovsky, the German Sixth Army had become no more than "an armed camp of prisoners."

It was now December. The blizzards of the steppe arose, viciously cutting at all forms of life on the barren, treeless steppe. Temperatures were steadily dropping until they had reached a constant nightly average of between 20 to 30 degrees below zero. German supplies were giving out and worse yet, the Wehrmacht was steadily feeding its sacrifice of 3,000 lives per day into the mouth of the Russian meat-grinder. This constant slaughter, the only consistent phase of the battle, was not limited to the Germans. In the daily exchange of attacks and counterattacks it has been estimated that the Russian method of mass infantry assaults caused them casualties in a ratio of five to one with the Germans.

Very few places on earth have ever been contested with so much and so long a letting of blood as was the area surrounding Stalingrad.

Hitler would not give up the struggle. The entire German people would perish on the shores of the Volga if necessary to save the honor of the Reich.

Stalingrad was a place angels feared to tread, but fools rushed blindly in. Hermann Goering gave his word that

the Luftwaffe would accomplish what the Wehrmacht had failed to do: save the Sixth Army from annihilation. The Luftwaffe would supply the trapped army by air! Four hundred tons of supplies daily were required as bare essentials. Planes and pilots were drained from all fronts. Pitomnik was to become an airdrome which would be the living heart of the Sixth Army. German pilots from other fronts were not used to 30 degrees below zero temperatures. Russian winter does not include ideal flying weather. Slow Junkers and Condor transports were easy prey for Russian fighters who came down on these hapless creatures of the air like a hawk on a partridge. German transports crashed or were shot down like clay pigeons on a skeet range on the run from Mariapol to Pitomnik. The sight of German bombers and fighters was an exception rather than the rule. They lay stacked in heaps of wreckage about the many airdromes which had been abandoned in the past two months.

The situation within the ring grew worse daily. Attack and counterattack along the ever-shrinking circle took place. Tank regiments were whittled down to five tanks and 100 men. Infantry divisions were no larger than regiments. Rations were cut in half, then in quarters, then issued whenever any were available. The horses of the army became standard fare in remaining field kitchens. Gasless vehicles littered the frozen, rutted roads for miles. Medical supplies gave out. The plague of a lost cause soon befell the German troops: typhus, dysentery, gangrene, and all the evils that man can endure when he lies freezing in a dugout, starving, waiting for the end. They would be out before Christmas; then the heroes of Stalingrad would be given furloughs home; von Hoth's panzers would break through to them from the northwest; the Fuehrer promised it!

❖ CHRISTMAS CAME AND PASSED; the only thing of note to happen was that the German death list had risen to 180,000. Near the railhead at Grumak, German dead, frozen stiff, were used as steps for the living to crawl into a stalled hospital train, where small stoves were surrounded by prone, motionless human bodies clinging tenaciously to life in a vain attempt to prolong their unmitigated suffering. At Otorvonovkaa, what remained of divisional medical unit, two doctors and six medics, sawed, hacked, and cut gangrenous flesh and rotten limbs from depraved and dissolute human wrecks during their 48-hour shifts. There was no more room for the stream of wounded which kept coming in from all sectors of the battered, shrinking front. No more anesthesia, no more bandages, no more medicines. German field doctors humanely ordered the most seriously wounded cases to be placed outside in exposed areas where they might slowly and painlessly freeze to death. There was no food whatsoever. Field rations were unavailable. The

troops had had nothing for days. When rations arrived every man was doled his slice and a half of hardtack, seven peas, and a sliver of horse meat of the last animal in the unit's supply train.

The lines were still shrinking. Battalions with 17 men could hardly be expected to hold their normal sectors. Units had become nothing but numbers. Tank regiments without tanks were the rule.

❖ ARMY HEADQUARTERS was unaware of this and the flexibility of the front; Berlin was oblivious to it. The orders were to dig in. The orders were obeyed. Infantrymen, with frostbitten feet wrapped in rags, and frostbitten ears and noses, hacked away with frostbitten fingers at the soil of the steppe, frozen solid as marble, until their hands bled. The Russian attack came. Positions were overrun. A mad, insane rush by any means available toward Stalingrad took place. Withdrawal is the polite word to describe it — it was a hopeless rout. There was no organization, simply because there were not enough living beings from the same original organizations to even call them units. A mass of humanity struggling along the roads at night that led to Stalingrad. Why Stalingrad? There was no other place to go. The roadsides were strewn with frozen corpses, too exhausted, too hungry, too tired, too cold, too sick to take another step. Burned out and gasless vehicles littered the countryside. Trucks loaded with badly wounded had run off the road and were abandoned by their drivers, leaving their cargos, like so much ballast shifted to the overturned side, frozen into one solid bulk with their own blood. The Pitomnik airdrome had become one of the circles of Dante's Inferno. Stacks of skeletons of wrecked and burning aircraft set the background of horror where the ambulatory cases to be evacuated trampled their less fortunate comrades as they lay in their litters in the insane scramble to board the transports which were flying out of the pocket.

Still they streamed into Stalingrad. Into the jaws of death. An armed camp of prisoners, herded into a more and more concentrated area to prolong the agony of a starving army in its death throes. They had been ordered to hold and hold they must. Their commander had been made Field Marshal so as to put a final glorious touch on the army that was supposed to die to the man for the Fatherland. To surrender had suddenly become a heinous crime. Commanders were to take all necessary steps to prevent it. They were to die, by order of the Fuehrer.

This was the situation on 8 January 1943 when the Russians had amassed their strength and were preparing to give the German Sixth Army its coup de grace. During this period, when the Russian armies had surged forward and pushed the German armies from before Stalingrad and out of the Caucasus, a significant change

of command occurred. This change is worthy of note since it shows the degree of success the Russians achieved. The Stalingrad Front had been eliminated and all the armies in the Russians' southern zone of action had been consolidated into the armies of the Don front. This front was under command of ColGen Rokossovsky. Zhukov, overall commander from the Supreme Soviet Headquarters, was transferred to the Leningrad front to conduct a repeat performance of his achievement at Stalingrad. He was replaced by ColGen Voronov.

Thus, on 8 January two emissaries were sent to the German lines with a surrender ultimatum. They were met by fire. On the 9th, Russian planes dropped leaflets on the German lines. The Russian representatives attempted again on the 10th to make liaison with the German commander von Paulus. They failed; von Paulus would not see them. The Fuehrer had ordered it. The text of the ultimatum, for history's sake, should be included as part of the story of the struggle.

ULTIMATUM

To Colonel General Paulus, commander of the German 6th Army, or his assistant, and to all the officers and men of the German forces surrounded at Stalingrad:

The German 6th Army, formations of the 4th Tank Army and units sent to them as reinforcements have been completely surrounded since November 23, 1942.

The Red Army forces have surrounded this grouping of German troops in a solid ring. All hopes that your troops might be saved by a German offensive from the south and southwest have collapsed; the German troops rushed to your assistance have been routed by the Red Army and their remnants are now retreating towards Rostov.

Owing to the successful, swift advance of the Red Army, the German air transport force which kept you supplied with starvation rations of food, ammunition, and fuel is being compelled to shift its bases frequently and to fly long distances to reach you. Moreover, the German air transport force is suffering tremendous losses in planes and crews at the hands of the Russian air force. Its help to the surrounded forces is becoming ineffective.

Your surrounded troops are in a grave position. They are suffering from hunger, disease, and cold. The severe Russian winter is only beginning. The hard frosts, cold winds, and blizzards are still to come, and your soldiers are not protected by warm uniforms and live in extremely unhygienic conditions.

You, as the commander, and all the officers of the surrounded troops, must fully realize that you have no possibility of breaking through the ring that surrounds you. Your position is hopeless and further resistance is useless.

In view of the hopeless position in which you are placed, and in order to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, we



Sovfoto
Field Marshal von Paulus after surrendering the forces under his command to the victorious Stalingrad defenders.

offer you the following terms of capitulation:

All the surrounded German forces under the command of yourself and your staff are to cease hostilities.

All the troops, arms, equipment and war supplies are to be turned over to us by you in an organized manner and in good condition.

We guarantee life and safety to all officers and soldiers who cease hostilities and upon termination of the war their return to Germany or to any country to which the prisoners of war may choose to go.

All troops who surrender will retain their uniforms, insignia and orders, personal belongings, valuables and in the case of higher officers their side-arms.

All officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers who surrender will be provided normal food.

All wounded, sick and those suffering from frostbite

will be given medical treatment.

Your reply is expected by 10 a.m. Moscow time on January 9, 1943 in written form, to be delivered by your personal representative who is to travel by passenger car, flying a white flag, along the road from Konny siding to the station of Kotluban. Your representative will be met by authorized Russian commanders in the district of B, one-half kilometer southeast of siding 564 at 10 a.m. on January 9, 1943.

In the event that you reject our proposal for capitulation, we warn you that the Red Army troops and the Red Air Force will be compelled to take steps to wipe out the surrounded Germans troops and that you will be responsible for their annihilation.

COLONEL GENERAL OF ARTILLERY VORONOV
*representative of the general headquarters of
the supreme command of the Red Army.*

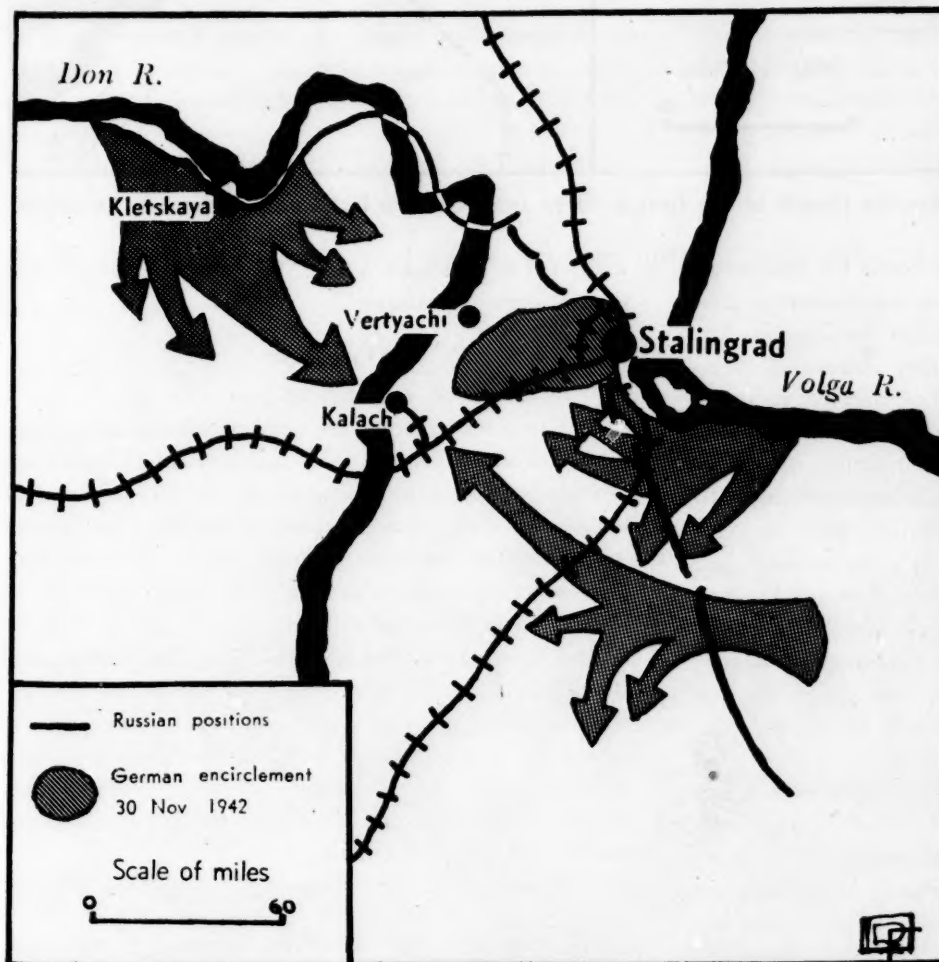
LIEUTENANT GENERAL ROKOSSOVSKY
commander of troops of the Don Front.

THE ULTIMATUM REJECTED, Rokossovsky struck. It was 10 January 1943, exactly six months to the day after the Germans had launched their original offensive. The attack came from the west and smashed into the German

positions as a scalpel into a pus-filled ulcer. The Russian squeeze was pinching hard. The fit, (if any German soldier could live up to this description), the wounded, and the sick poured into the city of Stalingrad itself. The Germans desperately attempted to make a stand on the railroad embankment which surrounds the city. They were soon overwhelmed. The Germans were pressed back into the city. The Russians, on the other hand, took advantage of the Germans' lack of ammunition and pressed on all the harder. The entire 29th Motorized Div, caught outside, surrendered on 12 January. Of the entire division only some 300 men survived to surrender. Thus, with day and night attacks, the Russians had cracked the German positions and driven the remnants into Stalingrad with their backs to the Russian positions already there. This is somewhat similar to the situation the Russians had found themselves in the previous September. On 14 January the Russians launched another attack from the south. This was the blow that completely broke the Germans' back. The two columns, one from the south and one from the west, met and drove the Germans into the twisted wreckage of the city itself. The Russians relentlessly pressed their advantage by exploiting the Germans' disorganization, confusion, and suffering to the utmost. The Germans held Red

October Factory, which had been such a bloody strong-point; it was now nothing but rubble whose subterranean passages were filled with over 300 uncared for and seriously wounded and sick, too weak to be moved. These men were still there when the Russians entered. By 26 January the Russians had succeeded in effecting a junction with the elements of the 62d Army defending the bluffs along the Volga, thereby splitting the German defenders into two groups. On the 27th the Russian armies jointly made their final efforts to destroy the remaining elements of resistance.

Von Paulus and the southern group of defenders capitulated on 1 February 1943. The northern group surren-



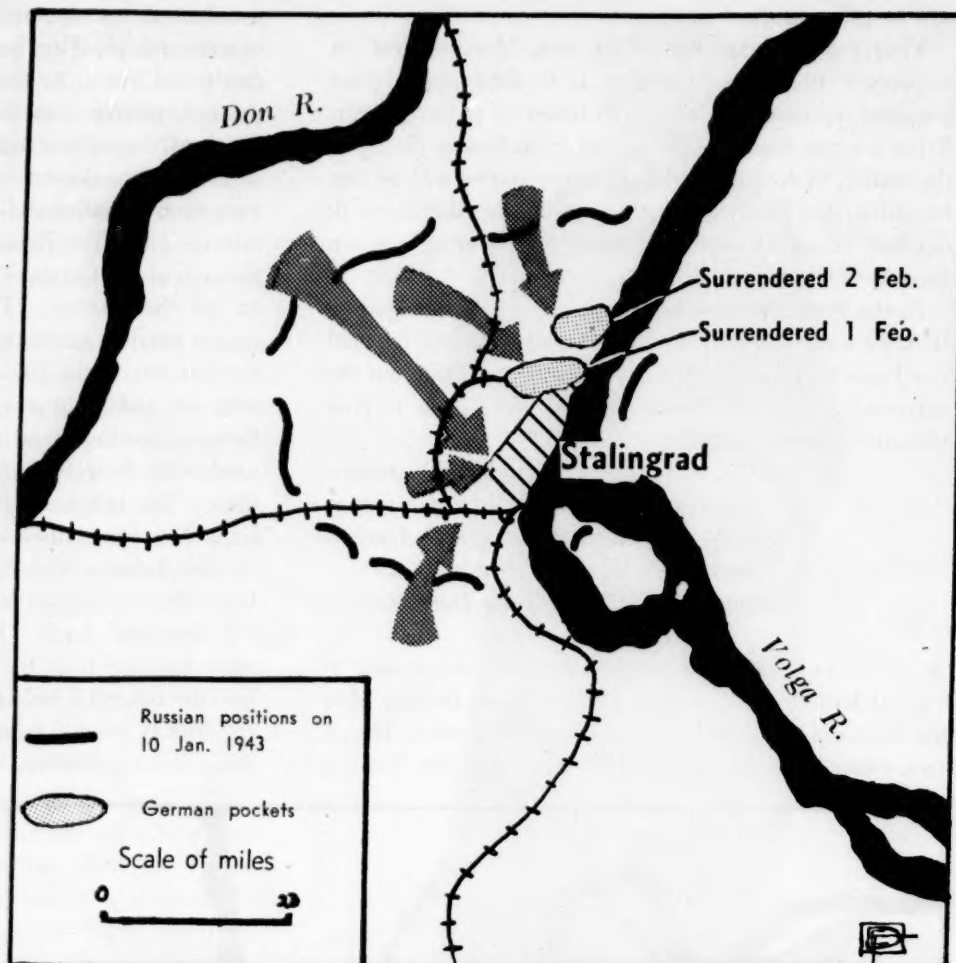
Russian drives encircling the beleaguered German Army.

dered the next day. The siege was over. The battle for Stalingrad had been fought and lost. It culminated in the most staggering defeat of German arms since the defeat of the Teutonic Knights. The German Sixth Army had been annihilated.

Of the 330,000 troops who were under von Paulus' command in September only some 90,000 survived. The road ahead of these 90,000 was as dismal as the ordeal they had just been through. Marching through the snows and blizzards of the steppes, they hobbled along, emaciated, starved, and sick, on frozen feet wrapped in bloody rags. Many dropped along the way on their journey to Siberian concentration camps leaving a miserable and bloody trail of human suffering. It could be traced back to the Stalingrad area, strewn with corpses and wrecked equipment. They were the remains of defeat, the affidavit of the death of an army.

It is very difficult to analyze the battle for Stalingrad without considering all the diverse circumstances that affected it. It is obvious, however, that the Germans had made a grave error as soon as they committed themselves. The Germans, once they had decided to invest Stalingrad and decide the success or failure of the year's operation on this one point, were not strong enough to hold on where they were and fight a decisive battle. To make the situation worse, the Russians grew stronger and more aggressive as the Germans grew weaker. Gen Blumentritt of the German General Staff summed up the situation quite aptly after the point when Hitler had become obsessed with the idea of capturing Stalingrad and never moving a step backward, even if it meant that every German soldier must die where he stood. This, against the pleas of his generals.

"Hitler, however, would not budge. His 'instinct' had proven right the year before, and he was sure that it would be justified again. So he insisted on 'no withdrawal.' The result was that when the Russians launched their winter counter-offensive his army at Stalingrad was cut off, and forced to surrender. We were already too



Russian thrusts in the final drive to annihilate the last German forces in Stalingrad.

weakened to bear such a loss. The scales of the war had turned against Germany."¹

Conclusion

THE BATTLE FOR STALINGRAD was more than a battle; in a sense, it was an event which marked a turning point in civilization. The hundreds of thousands of German corpses which littered the steppes along with the hundreds of pieces of wrecked equipment symbolized more than the defeat of an army; it was the symbol of a mass gravestone for a nation; of a whole people.

The people, who, for centuries had formed the bulwark of the West against the hordes of the East had allowed themselves to be led deep into the eastern land and defeated. The reasons why a people allowed themselves to be led down this path, are subjects for future historians and too complex to be discussed here. Whether they were valid or not, is not important; the fact that remains paramount is that it did happen.

A whole nation permitted itself to come under the

¹Kerr, Walter, *The Russian Army, The Infantry Journal*, Washington, D. C., 1944, p. 159.

single dominant influence of one man — Adolf Hitler. This man, whose "intuitions" led it to do great things at very opportune times, also led it to disaster. With Germany's fate hung that of its sister nations of the West. With the annihilation of the German Sixth Army at Stalingrad, the Germans can be said to have sacrificed all physical and spiritual virility of their nation, and themselves removed the eastern barrier which stood between the West and the growing encroachments of the East.

It is quite disconcerting to realize that one man could attain such absolute power over men, that he could lead a whole people to disaster and upset the entire political, as well as cultural organization of the world. It is a blunt warning to the professional soldiers of the West. The results of a politician gone wild with unrestricted use of the most potent instrument in the history of man, a nation's armed force, is a challenge to contemporary military leaders to prevent a recurrence of a similar situation.

The profession of arms must be kept clear of all the encroachments upon its realm of authority by ambitious and unscrupulous civilians. Soldiers, though servants of the state, dare not allow themselves to become puppets of mismanagement, and in the end destroy the very people they serve.

Plievier gives a very good synopsis of the entire situation, of the complete, senseless subordination of "common sense" to unintelligent orders from the highest echelon.

"Here was the scene of the lost battle, of the lost war, of the zenith of German power and the most crushing

defeat in German history. Here the German people had fallen to the lowest point, politically and morally, in their history. Where the need of the hour had been courageous defiance of the rulers, four and twenty generals had clicked their heels as one man; where revolt should have flared up in the masses of the soldiers, there had been nothing but physical and spiritual dissolution, apathy, a dumb dying without even a curse upon their lips."

Stalingrad, therefore, seems to be one of the pivotal points of our civilization. It may someday be recorded as the most significant battle of the millenium. The German nation died along with its Sixth Army on the shores of the Volga. The peoples of the East, for centuries safely contained within their isolated continental land mass, had again surged westward. This time they broke the barrier which held them. The Russian, champion of this movement from the East, now stood, not on the Bug, but on the Elbe. The frontier of the West now lay, not east of the Baltic, but on the Rhine. Russian influence can be felt along the Mediterranean and the Pyrennees. The same Russian general at Stalingrad sat in Berlin during the blockade.

Is the success story of Chuikov merely a preview, or is it proof of the East's permanent investment of the West? Has Oswald Spengler's prophecy of the rise of a great, new, world-dominating civilization out of the East already become valid? Whether it is merely a premature demonstration, or the first stages of the decline of the West, it can be traced to Stalingrad on the Volga.

US MC

Heavily-clothed, dejected column of German prisoners trudges through Stalingrad's shattered streets to prison camp.

Sovfoto



THE TYPICAL MARINE IS NO MORE, MAGAZINE ARTICLES and publicity to the contrary, notwithstanding. The "old breed" is gone, or is fast disappearing from the familiar scenes of the Marine Corps. The chances of a new recruit being inspired by the actions and figure of an old line NCO are now practically non-existent. Only should the recruit be fortunate enough to find himself in a company that has one of the old breed NCOs hanging on will he ever have the opportunity to observe and attempt to emulate the "typical" Marine made justly famous by the stories of Col John Thomason and other writers of his inclination and talent.

Other Marines of tried and proven ability will carry on the fighting traditions of our Corps. Battles will be fought and won by superbly trained and conditioned Leathernecks who know and will carry out their duties to perfection. The Corps will have its heroes, and will continue to write its pages of military history, but one element will be missing—the "typical" Leatherneck. He has fallen beneath the wheels of progress, and will never arise again to take his place in the ranks, and in the beer halls to spin his tales of faraway places and exciting events. The few that are left will spend their remaining years before retirement, banding together in the staff NCO clubs, speaking a language that cannot be understood by outsiders.

Their passing will be mourned by a few, but the majority of present day Marines will not so much as notice the end of an era in the Corps. The word "era" is not ill chosen, for it has been an era of individualists and characters in our Corps. It has been a day of the "Jack of all trades" Marine. When a man was told to do a task, his SSN, or MOS was not consulted, but rather the caliber and ability of the man himself. If he were a "good" Marine, he was equal to the task, regardless of what it might be. Probably somewhere in his past experience in the Corps, he had accomplished that very task before, or had watched it being carried out by others who were proficient. He learned by experience, and he learned well. He could quote the "book," chapter and verse, or tell you of the economic situation in China. He could describe the back alleys of Shanghai, or transport you on his tongue to Manila. He was no stranger to the jungles of Central America, nor to the quarterdeck of a spotless



THE TYPICAL MARINE IS GONE...

By SSgt Charles E. Gore

battleship. He could show you the tricks of the trade with a machine gun, or a pack howitzer. He was equally at home posting a Guard of the Day in a navy yard, or acting as an administrator to the natives of Guam. His area of operations was the world, and his duties as varied as the Corps itself.

Now this fine, versatile soldier is gone; killed by the very efficiency he strove to attain. The MOS system was introduced, as a necessary component of modern warfare. Specialists were needed to man the intricate machines developed during and since World War II. Even the very best of Marines could not be expected to lay down their rifles, and start operating a highly technical piece of equipment such as radar. The long, complex, and expensive training given a Marine on many new weapons precluded any possibility of his ever being



transferred to another type of duty. He became an expert in his line and in that line he must stay. This system of training a man for one job and keeping him on that job spelled the downfall of the old breed.

Replacements for the characters of the old Corps are

Only a handful of oldtimers remain to remind us of the days when the Marine Corps bred rugged and versatile individualists, says the author



not forthcoming. A new recruit has no opportunity to develop his career into the rounded, almost legendary paths of the old time enlisted Leatherneck. His Marine Corps career will be limited to a single phase of Corps life; his every step guided by the structure of the MOS.

This is not to be construed as an indictment of the MOS system. The advantages of this procedure have been ably enumerated many times by qualified observers. From the viewpoint of a commissioned leader of troops, the obvious advantage of having men under his command who are trained to a high degree is most clear.

The efficient functioning of a detachment is almost guaranteed with only minor effort on the part of the commander. He has only to concern himself with administrative details, routine training schedules, and to make certain the latest changes and techniques are made available to his command. Combat efficiency of FMF units using this system is undeniably high. MOS is rightfully here to stay.

No, this is not a direct or implied criticism of the use of Military Occupational Specialties in lieu of the old "general duty" designation. Rather it is a bare statement, and perhaps a nostalgic remembrance of an older day in the Corps when the dictates of war did not demand a skilled technician, but instead, just a Leatherneck whose needs were reduced to a basic rifle and bayonet, with a little machine gun fire thrown in for support.

The Corps of today has no place for the old typical Marine, and as a result he and his kind are fading away into the past, to be remembered only through the pages of books, and kept alive only in the memories of those

chine gunner, rifleman, flamethrower, or a BARman, but seldom all four.

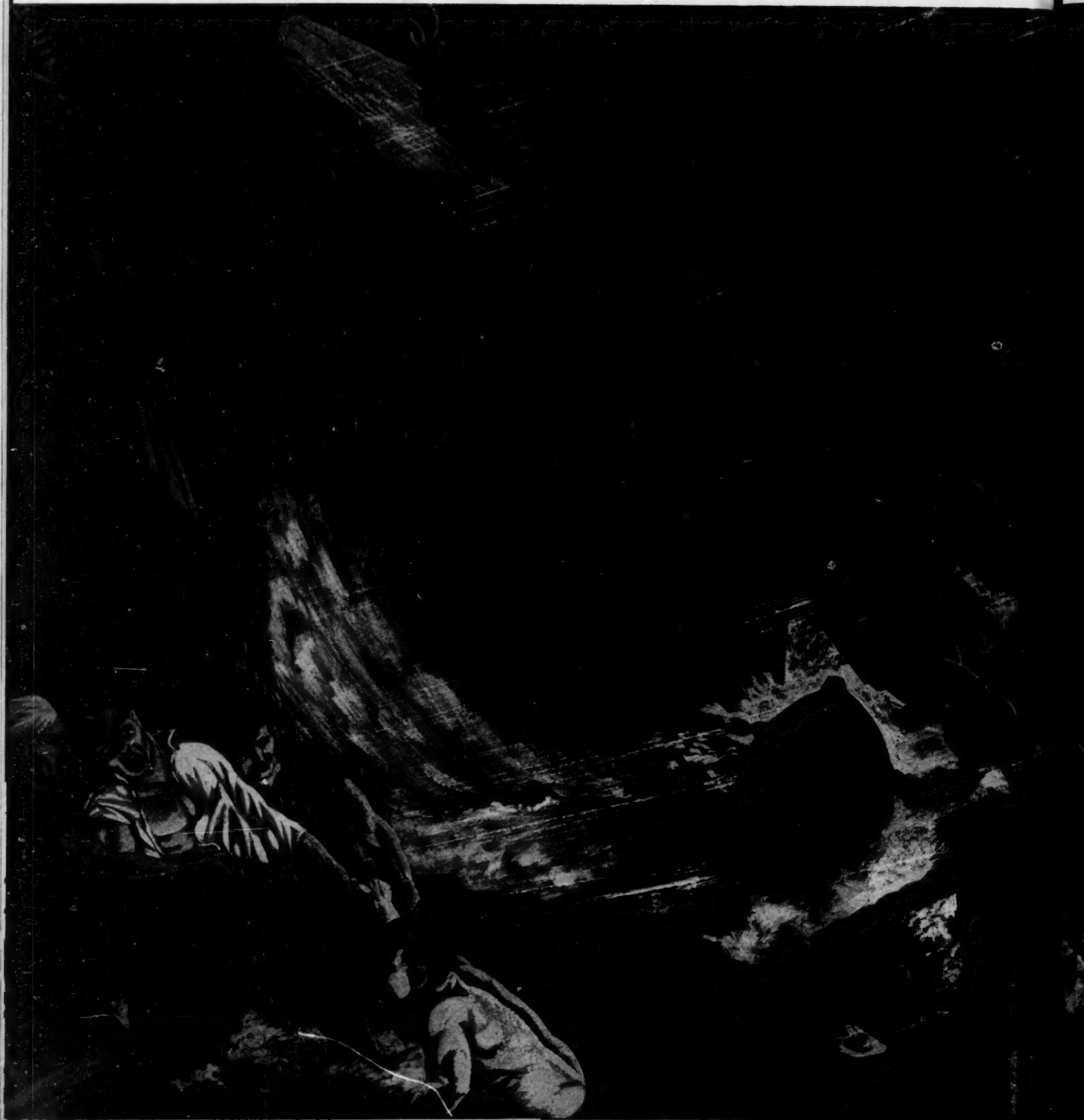
So passes the typical Marine. A man may be called a typical infantryman, or a typical sea-going Leatherneck, or a typical anything, but he cannot rightly be called a typical Marine in the old sense. Some may approach that honorable designation, but none in reality will be "typical." The old breed are gone, leaving their mark upon the traditions of the Corps, adding their not so small bit to the fabric of history. May they rest in peace. US MC



who served with him in the skirmishes of old. Ten or 20 years has changed not only the uniform of the U. S. Marine; it has also changed the Marine himself. Only in the line companies of the FMF can a glimpse of the old Corps be found. There, a man's rifle is still his best friend, and the ancient military doctrine of meeting the enemy face to face and destroying him is still in force. But even there a man is neatly tagged and placed in the proper pigeonhole of MOS nomenclature. He is a ma-



TYPHOON



AT KOBE



THE AFTERNOON OF FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1950, THERE began one of the most incredible adventures in all transportation history. Perhaps, in the light of what actually took place, it is not too much to refer to this event as one of the most incredible in all military history. It is a story of men against time, men against the elements. It is a story of heroism, of near tragedy, of truly glorious achievement.

On August 25th, then LtCol R. L. Blust, commanding the great port of Kobe, in Southern Japan, was summoned to a meeting at Atami airfield. Arriving there, he immediately sensed great events were afoot when the first thing he saw was the Commander in Chief's personal aircraft. In fact, Gen MacArthur was not present, but Col Blust found assorted representatives from General Headquarters, Japan Logistical Command, the Navy, and the Marines. The purpose of the meeting was soon divulged. Inchon, gateway to Seoul, and supply hub of Korea's Communist Forces, was to be invaded on September 15th. The invading force was to be the 1st Div (Reinforced) of the United States Marines. Hastily assembled in the United States, the Marines were already well on their way to Japan, traveling under strict radio silence. Much of the equipment this great force would require for combat operations was also on the way. Time, it appeared, was of the essence. There was no possibility of postponing the target date of September 15, for this had been set, not by man, but by nature. Due to tides in the Inchon waters, September 15th was the only date on which the contemplated amphibious assault could be launched. Missing that date would mean a wait of at least another month.

Col Blust hurried back to Kobe to rally his forces for the stupendous task which was to confront them. Kobe had handled big problems before, but never one the size this Marine operation promised to be. And the time! Here it was August 25th; discounting the few remaining hours of that day, there were exactly 21 days left to the target date of September 15th. But sailing time from

By Sgt 1/c William J. K. Griffin, USA

Aerial composite view of Kobe harbor, looking down toward the loading area of the 1st Marine Division.

Kobe to Inchon is three and a half days. No matter how it was looked at, the relentless calendar would yield no more than 17 days in which to perform a task normally requiring not less than 30 days. Outlining the approaching problem to his staff in the Port Operations office, Col Blust stressed the points he felt would make the operation a success: perfect cooperation and sheer physical endurance. That perfect cooperation was achieved, is attested to by the various commendations received by Port personnel. That a remarkable degree of physical endurance was displayed, is attested to by the facts, first of which must be the demonstrated success of the Inchon invasion.

First task was to estimate the situation. It was not known when the first vessel would arrive. Further, because of the need for radio silence, the first arrival would not be known until she poked her bows above the Kobe horizon. However, it was known, with some degree of accuracy, how many vessels would eventually have to be off-loaded to complete the operation. Some 25 ships were hauling the Marines and their equipment across the Pacific. In order to make Port facilities something like adequate, the Quartermaster had been instructed to turn over three additional piers and their warehouses "for the duration." The business of clearing these huge warehouses got underway immediately and was accomplished with dispatch. Thus, six piers were made available, and they contained 12 docksides, or quais, each 1,270 feet long. In addition there were three half-piers available for use by smaller vessels, and eight buoy sites in Kobe harbor specifically assigned to this project.

Among the people and objects slated to play fateful parts in the ensuing drama were eight floating cranes. Giants all, at least to the layman's eye, these cranes ranged in capacity from 30 to 200 tons. Great, black, hulking things they are and, as they rose and fell with the ocean's tide, they put one in mind of some mastadonic fighter, rolling his shoulders, readying for the fight.

Of the people who were to face this challenging problem, probably none was more important than the Marine Supervisor, Mr Ernest Hey. Youngish, strongly built and superbly qualified, Hey knows Kobe Port and the shipping business like the back of his hand. As expected, he played the titan's role in the days to come. LtCol H. R. Sanderson, Port Operations Chief, LtCol Blust, and Hey got together to lay out their plan of operations.

Representatives of the various services concerned set up shop right in the Operations Office of the Port. There were the Marines, the Navy from Yokosuka Naval Base, the Navy from the office of Naval Forces Far East, representatives from the Military Sea Transportation Service (MSTS), and from SCAJAP, the organization charged



with supplying stevedore personnel to the port, and an officer, acting as liaison between Kobe Port Headquarters, and Japan Logistical Command, which was charged with final responsibility for the operation. In addition, LtCol Blust immediately called Cmdr Davenport, of the Operations Staff, Naval Forces Far East, in Tokyo. Theirs was a hectically harmonious relationship which they maintained throughout. By constant telephone calls to Cmdr Davenport, LtCol Blust kept Tokyo almost literally up to the minute on the progress of events.

With one thousand and one details of the groundwork attended to, there came the arrival of the first vessels. On Monday, August 28th, the transports *General Buckner* and *Butner* put into Kobe Port, loaded with cargo and men. Some thoughtful soul even remembered to turn out the band and the Marines were piped ashore to the strains of martial airs, occasionally interspersed with something lighter. They loved it.

The next day, four more ships, the *General Weigle*, *President Jackson*, *American Patriot*, and *Ogelthorpe*, all arrived in port. They carried more than 6,000 long tons of cargo in addition to personnel. The fat was on the fire, and the anticipated round the clock operation began readily. The Marines brought everything with them, everything from soup to nuts. But, so great was the speed of their embarkation, that no one seemed to know quite where anything was. Since the Marines were to be embarked for Korea as integral teams, it developed upon Port personnel to sort the cargo and equipment and store it in its logical spot for future on-loading. This in itself was a gigantic task. A backbreaking total of 31,000 tons of equipment was eventually to be off-loaded,



inventoried, and sorted, in the course of the next 12 days, as 24 vessels made port. To handle this imposing problem of stevedoring, there were available 56 Japanese stevedoring teams, 20 men to a team, working under four officers and 10 enlisted American personnel.

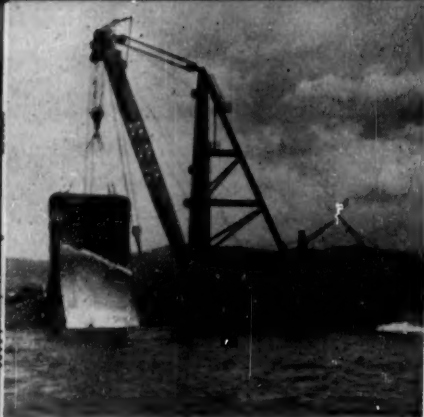
The Marines, being the Marines, training naturally did not cease merely because they had a few days lay-over on their way to war. Port personnel shipped more than 16,000 Leathernecks off to nearby Army posts for further combat training and went so far as to make it possible for a Marine amtrack outfit to get in some range practice by fixing them up with a range at sea, some miles below Kobe. But not all the Marines went off for training. About 3,000 men were held at the port to assist in the stevedoring. These men lived aboard "floating hotels," in other words, the transports *General Weigle* and *General Meigs*. This was normal procedure under the circumstances. It very nearly resulted in tragedy.

On the evening of Saturday, September 2d, there were more than 50 vessels of major proportions lying in Kobe Port. Operations were proceeding at a gratifying pace, in fact they were ahead of schedule. Then the ominous note was sounded: Typhoon warning! Further warnings indicated that typhoon "Jane," as it was already dubbed, would pass over the great port at about 10 o'clock the morning of the 3d. All possible safety precautions were immediately taken. Everything was secured to the fullest possible extent and the men toiled on into the night.

At 6 o'clock the morning of September 3d, "Jane" came shrieking in out of the east. Four hours ahead of schedule and far more furious than previous warnings

had indicated, the typhoon set about wreaking its will upon the crowded harbor. It was dark and the great wind drove the rain drops till they hit like rocks. As the typhoon increased in intensity, lines securing ships to the docksides were doubled. They snapped. The lines were tripled. They snapped. The lines were quadrupled. They snapped. It seemed impossible to combat the raging storm. But, replacing a snapped line here, running to replace one there, then dashing back to the first to do the job all over again, the men managed to hold their own. Steel lines, two and a half inches thick, parted like wool ribbon as the typhoon struck at the beleaguered vessels and struggling men. The wind simply tore through windows, scattering lethal glass darts everywhere. Houses toppled; beams, tin roofing plates and trees shot through the air as though propelled from the muzzle of some great rifle. The leaping sea thundered against the docks, and fought to make its voice heard above the shrieking typhoon. Waves, 40 feet high, picked eight by four feet solid concrete protecting blocks off the breakwater as though they were nothing. Soon the docks were under water knee deep. Work was out of the question. The battle was to stay alive. At its peak, the typhoon hit 110 miles an hour, and one could hardly breathe in the open air.

Under these violent conditions, the men, directed by Ernest Hey, did everything humanly possible to secure the safety of the vessels. But it was plainly inevitable that something had to give somewhere. And it did. The stern line of the *General Meigs* snapped and she swung out across the slip, crunching into the *Whitesides* and causing damages to that vessel which put her into drydock



High winds caused a floating crane like this to damage facilities at Kobe.

for two and a half days, and forcing a dangerous partial abandonment of the *Meigs*.

Word was received that a Japanese vessel of 7700 tons had gone down by the stern at the Mitsubishi shipyard. This only served to redouble the valiant efforts the men were putting forth. But there was little they could do to stem the rampant forces of nature. Some combat veterans

on the scene said they would rather face a human enemy any day, than do battle with the indiscriminate elements. The fearful knowledge that one could do nothing to stay the onslaught beset the men.

CONFIRMING the men's worst fears, one of the giant 200-ton cranes now broke loose. The Japanese crew, convinced that all was lost, simply went below to await their fate. Upon seeing this, some Marines jumped aboard in an effort to secure the hulking monster. Rocking and heaving close to the quayside, the huge crane, was a fatal menace to men and equipment. Surveying the situation, Ernest Hey knew there was only one line capable of securing the monster. This was a 10 inch Manila hemp. But it was three, maybe three and a half miles away, and to progress three and a half feet was a chore in itself. Hey asked for a man to volunteer. A Marine sergeant came forward and Hey gave him instructions.

The sergeant took off in a two and a half ton truck. The windshield was down when he set out. It was gone when he miraculously returned. The Marine sergeant drove the truck through the storm sitting on the floor boards. The vehicle could not proceed in high gear so it was first and second all the way. He throttled and clutched the vehicle with his hands and peered around the side to guide himself. Upon his return from this nature-engendered hell, one side of the truck was bashed in and the motor cowl was a rumpled wreck. Hey seized the line and leaped aboard the tossing giant. Aided by the Marines he secured it on the crane, trusting those on the dockside to take up the slack. Suddenly all was silent. It was an unearthly, another world, silence. It shook the soul even more than the fiendish wind or the battering waves. It foretold that the eye of the typhoon had passed over. In their momentary respite the men wondered from which direction the typhoon would return.

Typhoon "Jane" rushed back upon the very course of her entry. Now vessels which had been strained against docksides were forced outwards. There was a general

snapping of heavy lines and all hands turned to for the renewed battle. The slack left in the ten inch line securing the crane was taken up in an instant. The line parted like a rope of sand and two hundred tons of steel went thrashing about the narrow confines of the docks. Huge waves swept the crane across the slip. Now under water, now on the crest of a wave, the berserk crane rushed at the opposite side of the dock. The crane's cargo runner and huge hook broke loose. Hey and the others aboard ducked and dodged as the great hook swirled about them. It was all they could do to hang on. On the downbeat, as it were, the monster crunched into the dockside opposite its original location. Then the ocean sucked it back again. The hurtling waves poised the crane once more on their peaks and hurled it again at the dockside. This time the crane crashed down on top of the quai, and with the force of a block buster. One has only to look at the crater it excavated to be aware of the tense drama of that moment. Seizing their opportunity, Hey and the Marines regained their footing and leaped ashore. Somehow they managed to secure the crane.

Then Hey, glancing about him for new trouble spots, saw a 30 ton crane had broken loose and was being carried out to the open sea. Apparently the situation was the same aboard the 30 ton as it had been on the 200 ton. There were Marines aboard, but no sign of the original Japanese crew. Hey took a lead line, tied it about his waist and dove into the wild sea. He gained the lurching craft and scrambled aboard. Then he and the others hauled in the main line and eventually managed to secure the crane. Many, not all, heroes are in uniform.

THE FOREGOING ACCOUNT of the actions of Mr Hey on the day of September 3d was obtained, certainly not from that reticent man of distinguished bravery. In fact, the account of events may be somewhat in error because it was obtained piecemeal and quite by chance. It was Maj "Buck" Morris, in command of the Marine Resupply Detachment in Kobe, who revealed first word of Hey's actions on that tempestuous day. Hey only expressed concern over the fact that he had not been able to learn the name of the Marine sergeant who made the wild dash for the ten inch line. Hey proudly displayed a \$6.50 rummage sale watch which, he proclaimed, was still running "after having got wet a couple of times." He felt especially good about this, since all the stylish Polixes, Genevas, and so on, owned by other men, had stopped running.

During the typhoon, it was LtCol Sanderson who maintained liaison with the operations office. He would rush back with word, for instance, that the *Marine Phoenix*, or the *Noble*, or the *American Patriot* had broken its moorings. For seven American vessels snapped their lines that terrible day and it was only by dint of the most

stupendous exertions that the men were able to avert a cataclysmic disaster. The United Staff in the operations office was driven from pillar to post as the typhoon turned its fury on that sector of town. Telephone lines went down like ten pins, and were set up again just as quickly. As word of a vessel breaking loose or being damaged was received, Col Blust would advise Cmdr Davenport up in Tokyo. The Operations outfit was forced to remove its activities to new locales more than once because the flying shards of glass quite literally endangered their lives.

Then, seeping subtly in under the screeching gale and the roaring sea, there came the unmistakable odor of gasoline. Frantically, Hey rushed to where he knew supplies of high octane gas were stored. There were the big drums of 115 octane gas, broken loose, and being battered on the rails leading out to the docks. Many had burst, and many more were to burst and spread their deadly cargo. One could look down and see the sickly yellowish hue imparted to the water by the escaping fuel. Numbly, Hey thought of the vast amounts of ammunition stored in the area and of the immense disaster looming over the city. But, for this day at least, the fates appeared about finished with Kobe.

☛ AROUND 3:30 that afternoon the gale began to subside. The last gust blew out to sea and the sea itself began to quiet down. By 4:30 cleaning up operations were underway. After such a desperate day, one felt the dull exhaustion of anti-climax.

However, additional trials confronted the port, for now the vital function of ship repair had to be speeded up to cope with typhoon damages. Repairs, under the supervision of Mr John Lundbeck, had to be made on pumps, refrigerating systems, electrical instruments, on compasses, boilers and no less than 29 hulls damaged by the storm. In the days between August 31 and September 15, repairs were made on a total of 54 vessels. Everything from great propellers to smashed deck rails had to be repaired and first estimates, admittedly incomplete, put the damage at more than \$175,000. Shippers figure an inoperative vessel to cost something like \$3,000 a day while she lies idle, so it will be seen that Mr Lundbeck and his ship repair crews also had herculean tasks to perform. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the importance of Lundbeck's role at this stage of the game, and veteran shippers say they never saw a job of such magnitude performed in more exemplary fashion.

It has already been pointed out that the typhoon subsided about 3:30 the afternoon of the 3d, and that cleaning up operations were underway within the hour. Normally, the night shift reported for duty at six each night. At precisely six that evening of that wild day, the night shift was on hand, and the round the clock

vigil went on as though the typhoon had never ripped through the Port.

There was, of course, a great turnover in the vessels. Not all of those used in transporting the Marines and equipment to Kobe were to be employed in getting them to Inchon. There had to be replacements for those departing to pick up the 1st Marine Provisional Brigade at Pusan in Korea. This brigade had already distinguished itself in the Korean campaign and was to rejoin the division for the Inchon operation. Then, there had to be additional vessels in order to accommodate the 55,000 tons of supplies the Marines drew from amounts on hand in Japan. A round total figure of 85,000 measurement tons of cargo was unloaded for the Marines' phase of the Inchon invasion.

Sufficiently vexatious normal problems were further complicated by some unforeseen events. One morning at 4 o'clock, two 300' LSDs made port, each carrying some 45-50 heavy tanks. But there was no ammunition aboard for the tanks, so the Marines pitched in on stocks made available by the Port. They sailed out of the harbor, fully loaded, within less than 24 hours of their arrival.

The minutes, the hours, the days flew on. A glance at the Port traffic sheet will show the tremendous volume handled in those hectic days. September 11th was "D" Day as far as Port personnel was concerned, and the traffic sheet shows that between 8 o'clock, September 10th and 8 o'clock, September 11th, a grand total of 66 major cargo-attack vessels cleared port for the Inchon rendezvous. The same record shows that at one time on the 10th, there were 74 major vessels in port, to say nothing of some 50-odd LSTs, LSDs, and other miscellaneous craft.

☛ "DEVOTION TO DUTY" is a phrase usually associated with the clamor of combat. But, as the last ship steamed off for Inchon, who could claim more steadfast devotion to duty than these men at Kobe Port?

By any reasonable computation, it will be seen that the entire operation took something less than 14 days. The earlier, normal estimate of 30 days certainly included no plans for coping with an horrendous typhoon. More than 20,000 men, more than 85,000 tons of cargo, in 14 days! This was, indeed, an incredible event in transportation and military history. All hands worked till they could work no more. Then, stealing only enough sleep to restore their wasted energies, they would return once more to do battle with time.

Perhaps the finest tribute received by the exhausted personnel of Kobe Port was that paid by an anonymous Marine. While observing their endless labors and sleepless nights, he said: "My God, these guys must be Marines!"

USMC

KOREA AWARDS



Silver Star

1stLt John H. Affleck, 1stLt Jack F. Boles, 2dLt John J. H. Cahill, Maj Albert L. Clark, 1stLt Kenneth O. Cook, 1stLt James T. Cronin, 1stLt William J. Davis, 1stLt Earl R. DeLong (2d), PFC Gunter Dohse, LtCol Frederick R. Dousett, Cpl Harry Early, 1stLt George R. Earnest (2d), Capt Arnold L. Emils, PFC Frank Enick, Jr., 1stLt Harold D. Fredericks, Capt William R. Gould, Capt John R. Grove, Cpl Clinton F. Harrington, TSgt Robert A. Hill (2d), Cpl James R. Hoesly, TSgt Eugene Horn, 1stLt George C. Kliefoth, PFC N. Kritz, Sgt Melvin R. Kunkel, Cpl Clifford L. Lansil, Cpl Edin J. Lively and 2dLt Byron L. Magness.

PFC Ralph A. Milton (2d), Maj Norman A. Miller, Jr., 2dLt Francis W. Muetzel, LtCol Raymond L. Murray (3d), PFC David V. Nein, Col Herman Nickerson, Cpl Lawrence E. Payne, PFC Billie K. Pool, Sgt Roberto Recendez, Pvt Stanley S. Robinson, Cpl William F. Rogge, LtCol Harold S. Roise, 1stLt Earnest H. Stone, Jr., MSgt Rufus A. Stowers, Cpl Charles M. Strickland, Cpl Jesse W. Teverbaugh, Jr., Maj Thomas B. Tighe, PFC Raymond L. Tuttle, Cpl Richard L. Wisecarver and CWO Dee R. Yancey.

Legion of Merit

LtCol John H. Brickley, LtCol Windsor V. Crockett, Jr., LtCol Henry P. Crome, Col Eduard C. Dyer, Col Eduard H. Forney, LtCol Robert W. Rickert and LtCol George F. Waters.

Distinguished Flying Cross

Capt James P. Bell, Jr., Capt James M. Burris (3d), Capt George B. Farish (1st, 2d, 3d), TSgt Arthur R. Graham, Maj Vincent J. Gottschalk (2d), 1stLt John V. Hanes (4th), SSgt Weldon E. Hardin, MSgt John B. Holloway, TSgt Leo J. Ihli (3d), Capt Roy J. Irwin (2d), Capt Richard W. Johnson (3d), 1stLt Edwin M. Jones (2d), Capt William J. Longfellow (4th), Capt Robert E. McClean (2d), 2dLt Billy C. Marks (4th, 5th), TSgt James L. Morris, Jr., Capt Gene W. Morrison (3d), MSgt Robert J. Mossman (2d), Capt William C. Parket (2d), MSgt Donald E. Rupe (3d), Sgt Robert M. Todd, Jr., Capt Forrest "I" Townsend (2d), 1stLt Heil L. Van Campen (2d), TSgt Donald M. Wallace, Capt Ralph P. Ward, Jr., (2d) and Capt William T. Witt, Jr. (2d).

Bronze Star

MSgt William J. Addis, 2dLt Harry L. Alderman, Cpl Thomas G. Ashdale, PFC William R. Banks, Maj Whitman S. Bartley, TSgt Harold K. Beaver, Cpl John W. Beeler, SSgt Huel P. Bell, PFC Charles G. Beman, Cpl Anthony J. Bernhard, Cpl Calvin H. Birch, Capt Hersel D. C. Blasingame, CWO Philip Blazer, PFC John U. Book, Capt James J. Bott, PFC Robert W. Brooks, 2dLt Dale L. Brown, SSgt

John S. Bugg, Jr., TSgt Charles D. Burden, Sgt David E. Burnett, TSgt George F. Burnett, Cpl Franklin M. Canterbury, PFC Roger A. Cantwell, 2dLt George Caridakis, TSgt Bruce E. Carroll, Sgt John J. Cheramie and MSgt Louis J. Cicotti.

Sgt Robert N. Clark, Jr., Capt John F. Coffey, Sgt Paul F. Coleman, PFC Edward Collins, PFC William H. Cox, PFC Lewis H. Crawford, PFC John S. Cullen, Cpl Burton K. Daker, MSgt Charles C. Dand, Jr., SSgt Richard E. Danford, TSgt Nelson J. Dartez, MSgt James R. Davis, PFC Paul Des Forges, MSgt David E. Dickson, Sgt William J. Dillman, Capt William R. Earney, Sgt Frank E. Echols (2d), 1stLt Raymond J. Elledge, MSgt Ralph A. Engemann, TSgt Frederick C. Evans, PFC Bernard H. Everson, Capt Frank J. Faureck, PFC Robert R. Ficzo, 2dLt Paul R. Fields, Sgt James J. Fitzgerald and TSgt Robert E. Foster.

Capt Harvey W. Gagner, PFC Leroy Gillispie, Col Raymond E. Hopper, Maj Niernan R. Hyland, 1stLt Robert D. Inn, 1stLt Edward D. Murray, Capt Robert R. Peebles, MSgt Emerson Pinney, Maj Richard W. Schutt, 1stLt James V. Townsend and Capt John W. Yeager.

Air Medal

SSgt Vincent J. Adamczyk (1st, 2d), 1stLt Charles F. Baldwin, Jr., (5th, 6th), Capt Irvin "J" Barney (6th, 7th), Capt James P. Bell (4th), 1stLt Richard Bell, Capt Eugene N. Bennett, 1stLt Jon R. Bibby (4th), SSgt Robert E. Block (1st, 2d, 3d), Col Alpha L. Bowser, Jr., 1stLt Robert W. Breeze, 1stLt James P. Bruce, TSgt Truman G. Bunce, Maj Hugh B. Calahan (2d), Capt Charles E. Call (5th), 1stLt Edwin J. Cartoski, Capt Earnest R. Clifton, Jr. (1st, 2d), 1stLt Frederick G. Connelly, 1stLt Ray Connelly, Capt Donald C. Conroy (6th, 7th, 8th), Maj William E. Crowe (14th), Capt Oliver W. Curtis (10th), and 1stLt Merle C. Davis.

Cpl Jack M. Deaton (2d, 3d), Capt Joseph B. De Haven (4th), Capt Gerard Dethier (8th), 1stLt George H. Dendehoff (4th, 5th, 6th), 1stLt Walter E. Domina, 1stLt James C. Dunphy (2d, 5th), 1stLt George A. Eaton, 1stLt Donald H. Edwards (9th), 2dLt Thomas M. Elliot, 1stLt Lloyd J. Engelhardt (7th, 8th), Capt George B. Farrish (5th, 6th), Maj James A. Feeley, Jr., Capt Howard J. Finn (16th, 18th, 21st), TSgt John W. Frederick, Jr. (1st, 2d), Capt Don W. Gilbreath (2d), 2dLt Edgar F. Gaudette (10th, 11th), Maj Vincent J. Gottschalk (4th, 5th), MSgt Billy R. Green (6th), Capt John L. Greene (7th), and Sgt Byron F. Hall (1st, 2d).

1stLt John V. Hanes (3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 8th), Capt Harry B. Hanson (2d), TSgt Phillip N. Healey (1st, 2d), Capt Roland B. Heilman (11th), MSgt Leroy E. Heimrick (3d), TSgt James W. Hernden (6th), TSgt Robert A. Hill (6th), Capt Ovin D. Hunter (10th, 11th), Capt Thomas C. Hurst (2d), Capt Clayton Ingraham, Capt Roy J. Irwin (5th, 7th), 1stLt Danny W. Johnson (5th), Capt James K. Johnson (11th), Capt Richard W. Johnson (9th), Maj William G.

Johnson (2d,3d), 1stLt Elwin M. Jones (4th,5th), Sgt John A. Kandes (1st,2d), Capt Phillip J. Keleher (10th,11th,12th), Maj Robert P. Keller (8th) and 1stLt Kent E. Kiester (4th, 5th).

LtCol John F. Kinney (4th,5th), 1stLt George Kurpash (5th), TSgt Martin Lachow (1st,2d,3d), TSgt Gail Lane (7th), TSgt Leonard R. Lang (1st,2d), Capt William J. Longfellow (5th,6th,7th,8th,9th), Maj William M. Lundin, Capt John McCabe (8th), Capt Robert E. McClean (4th,5th), Capt Almer C. McDonnell (2d), MSgt John J. McMasters (8th), Capt Joe McPhail (7th), Capt Andrew L. McVicar (6th), Capt Robert F. Marr (5th), 1stLt John B. Mason, 1stLt Herbert E. Mendenhall (2d,3d,4th), 1stLt Robert W. Minick, 1stLt Weldon R. Mitchell, Sgt Richard J. Moore (2d), 1stLt Theodore R. Moore (3), and Capt Gene W. Morrison (4th,5th).

Capt Douglas K. Morton (1st,2d,3d), MSgt Robert J. Mossman (2d,4th), Capt Thomas E. Mulvihill (8th), Capt Frank J. O'Hara (4th,5th), MSgt Barney C. Olsen (1st,2d), 2dLt Stanley J. Osserman, Capt William C. Parker, Jr. (6th), Capt Clarence W. Parkins, Capt Russell G. Patterson, Jr. (3d), Capt James Payette (2d,3d,4th), MSgt Norman E. Payne, Jr. (2d,3d,4th), Capt Lloyd S. Penn (4th), Capt John S. Perrin, SSgt Rodolfo Pineda, Capt John B. Piper (4th), 1stLt Elmore Ravensberg, 1stLt Alvin R. Rieder (3d) and TSgt Burl B. Rogers.

Capt John D. Ross (7th,8th), MSgt Donald E. Rupe (4th,5th), Capt Henry H. Schwendimann (2d), MSgt Frank W. Scroggs (1st,2d,3d), Capt John Skorich (4th), Capt Jerry B. Smith (7th), MSgt James W. Snyder (5th), 1stLt Eldon C. Stanton (5th), Maj Richard E. Sullivan, Capt David G. Swinford (4th,5th), Maj Elmer P. Thompson, Jr. (7th, 8th), Capt Eddie C. Torbett (5th,6th), Capt Orlando S. Tosdal (4th,7th), Capt Forrest "I" Townsend (4th,5th,6th), 1stLt Heil L. Van Campen (4th,5th), MSgt Donald E. Wambold (1st,3d), Capt Ralph P. Ward, Jr. (4th,5th), Capt Jack H. Wilkinson (2d,3d), Capt William T. Witt, Jr. (4th, 5th,6th,7th), 1stLt Robert L. Wood (5th), and 1stLt Russell P. Ziegler (2d,3d).

Letter of Commendation

SSgt John A. Aber, Sgt George R. Baggs, PFC Paul B. Barger, Sgt Charles E. Barnes, Maj Arthur J. Barrett, Cpl Eugene E. Barsaleau, Cpl James F. Baxter, WO Earnest T. Bean, Sgt Marshall E. Bennett, Cpl Joseph W. Bernard, Sgt Frank W. Biddix, Sgt Oscar Billiter, Sgt Jessie E. Binion, SSgt Benton S. Blackburn, Sgt William C. Blackwell, Jr., PFC Rayburn L. Blair, 2dLt Howard G. Iank, MSgt Reinhold Bloch, TSgt George W. Bolkow, Capt Lewis E. Bolts, Sgt Gilbert J. Booth, Cpl Louis S. Bourdelais, SSgt Thomas L. Bradford, Sgt Robert D. Brooks, PFC Richard J. Burgess, PFC Jack C. Burkett and Maj Edward T. Butler.

Cpl Callento S. Cabello, Cpl Salvatore D. Cavalier, PFC Roy Chavrie, Jr., Cpl Robert L. Clark, TSgt Samuel M. Conover, Sgt Jimmie M. Cornell, PFC John Corzan, 2dLt Lemoine Cox, Cpl Kenneth H. Crane, PFC Myron W. Crawford, Cpl Max R. Criblar, SSgt Jesse W. Crocker, Jr., 1stLt Richard J. Crowley, MSgt James L. Croy, Maj Carol D. Dalton, PFC Louranza D. Damaron, 1stLt Russell A. Davidson, 1stLt Kenneth E. Davis, Cpl Kenneth M. De Groff, Cpl Charles R. Dickerson, Cpl Harold Don, PFC James H. Donahue, PFC Robert L. Dotson, MSgt Joseph J. Duffy, Sgt George E. Dutch, PFC Charles A. Eggenberger and PFC Richard G. Ekstrom.

Capt Edward E. Elder, Cpl John M. Emery, PFC Walter L. Emick, TSgt Charles E. Evans, PFC John A. Every, PFC John Feher, Cpl Guy M. Ferree, MSgt William G. Ferrigno, 1stLt Joseph R. Fisher, PFC John S. Frangules, Sgt Herbert

L. Frankling, PFC Francis "H" "C" Frey, Jr., TSgt William H. Gallagher, Capt Charles D. Garber, Cpl James R. Garner, 1stLt Roscoe F. Good, Jr., Maj Raymond F. Gorko, Sgt Dan S. Cover, TSgt Stanley V. Grooms, PFC Donald G. Guard, TSgt Julius R. Guest, TSgt George R. Hakius, SSgt Frederick G. Hall, Jr., MSgt Lewis J. Hames, Cpl Archie T. Henderickson, TSgt Ralph T. Henry and Cpl Alan E. Herrington.

TSgt Frank L. Hill, LtCol Charles T. Hodges, PFC Thomas D. Holdridge, PFC Glenn Hook, Cpl James R. Holsenback, Sgt Frederick D. Dowell, 1stLt Samuel F. Hunter, MSgt Vergil R. Hussey, Cpl William E. Ingram, Cpl Charles Jansen, MSgt Louis T. Jasionowski, Cpl Billie L. Johnson, MSgt Walter C. Johnson, Sgt Orville W. Jones, Capt James D. Jordan, Sgt William L. Kenna, MSgt Benny L. Kenter, TSgt Gordon L. King, Cpl Arlie R. Kiser, MSgt Walter L. Lang, Sgt Lytton Lee, Jr., Sgt Joseph G. A. Le Houillier, TSgt Warren H. Leibe, Sgt Jack C. Lemmon, Capt Lornie Leslie, PFC Reuben L. Leudtke and 2dLt Eugene L. Libbin.

Cpl Kaye D. Lowe, Sgt Christopher J. Lynch, TSgt Duard H. McAbee, PFC Dale D. McKenna, PFC Henry L. Mahan, Jr., PFC Howard M. Marsh, Sgt Donald A. May, Cpl James A. Mayernick, SSgt Lloyd W. Melanson, TSgt Stanley G. Millar, Cpl Edward W. Miller, 1stLt Robert W. Minick, MSgt Edward W. Monroe, 2dLt Vernon S. Munsell, Cpl Paul D. O'Connors, SSgt Charles M. Old, TSgt Bernie Orwell, MSgt William O. Parrish, PFC Robert T. Pendarvis, PFC Dennis E. Pendergast, TSgt Walter R. Persicke, MSgt Alfred A. Pickhardt, Sgt Robert J. Politovich and Cpl Hyacinthe M. Pouliot.

Cpl John A. Torch, PFC Donald Torres, 2dLt Ralph J. Tuley, Capt Raymond L. Valente, LtCol Ellsworth G. Van Orman, TSgt James F. Wabeck, MSgt "Q" "T" Wade, Cpl Horace Wallace, 1stLt John J. Walsh, PFC Richard R. Walton, Sgt Jack N. Watso, Cpl Ralph T. Whitney, Jr., PFC James A. Windham, TSgt William K. Winn, 1stLt Perry G. Wise, MSgt Merlin D. Woodard, CWO Levi Woodburi, Sgt Willard J. Woodring, Jr., MSgt Richard O. Woodward, Cpl Richard W. York, Cpl Billy M. Young, PFC Edward H. Young, 1stLt Leland E. Ziegler, PFC James K. Zsido and Sgt Stephen Zuraw.

Pvt Joseph W. E. Pratte, CWO James C. Price, Sgt Earnest L. Reece, Jr., PFC William L. Reep, PFC Glen E. Reid, 2dLt Robert O. Risinger, Maj Maurice E. Roach, PFC Austin P. Roberts, Sgt Arthur "J" Robinson, PFC Paul V. Roose, Sgt Patrick R. Rotella, PFC Roy A. Sacher, PFC Thomas Say, SSgt Arlie O. Sessions, Cpl Myrri C. Sheffield, PFC Oliver T. Shemayne, Sgt George E. Shivelhood, Sgt Richard T. Skoff, SSgt Rolland L. Snyder, SSgt Aaron W. Spikes, Cpl Joseph H. Stafford, PFC Cleo P. Stapleton, Jr., Sgt Richard W. Steinbaugh, Sgt Raymond E. Stephens, Sgt Earl L. Taylor, Sgt John W. Thompson and Cpl William F. Tinnen.



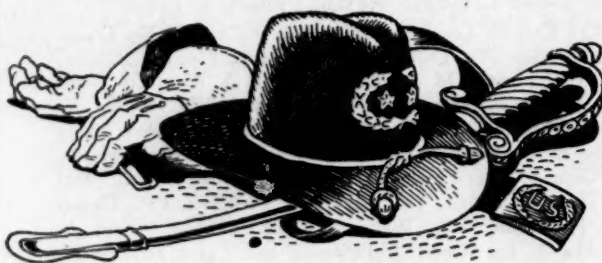
Passing in Review

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO MARINE READERS

Cashiered and Dismissed . . .

THE CELEBRATED CASE OF FITZ JOHN PORTER—

Otto Eisenschiml. 344 pages, illustrated. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., 1950. \$3.50



"Cashiered and dismissed . . . forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States"—these were the words that leaped from the piece of paper in his hand. Blanching, he stood on a street in the nation's capital, staring into space and oblivious to people as they brushed by. This handsome man, attired in the blue uniform of a major general, was Fitz John Porter, victim of circumstance and leading figure in a controversy which echoed through the halls of Congress for nearly two and a half decades. An outstanding military leader had been sent to perdition.

In January, 1862, just a year before this incident, Edwin M. Stanton became Lincoln's Secretary of War. Stanton, according to the author, championed the selfish purposes of a group of extreme radicals by helping prolong the Civil War. This ruthless minority desired to see the South treated as conquered territory which would result in a loss of white representation in Congress and in control of that legislative body passing to the radicals.

Otto Eisenschiml, author of *Why Was Lincoln Murdered*, and *The American Iliad*, tells the familiar story of President Lincoln, made the innocent dupe of Stanton's designs towards the only man blocking the path of these conspirators, Gen George B. McClellan, then known as "the darling of the North." That McClellan had to move his Army of the Potomac before it was ready, with the resultant dismal failure of the campaign which followed, is attributed by the author to Stanton's sabotage, aimed at the destruction of a man who

might bring the Union a quick victory.

Stanton was not content with the ruin of McClellan. A young officer and close friend of "Little Mac" had shown too much ability to go untouched. Only forty years old and standing high among the best officers of the Northern armies, Fitz John Porter also had to be destroyed. This was accomplished through some of the inhibitions attached to military life.

The organization of a new Army of Virginia from garrison troops in Washington, with Gen John Pope as its commander, furnished the radicals with the opportunity to discredit Porter. Porter was ordered to make a swift return from the Peninsula when it was learned that the Confederates planned to move in strength against Pope. Volunteering the services of his corps to Pope, Porter soon became enmeshed in the confusion of Pope's ambiguous orders and complete misunderstanding of actual battle conditions. Porter's actions in the Second Battle of Manassas were less irregular than some of the other unit commanders, yet he was brought to trial for allegedly failing to obey orders.

The author is most prejudiced in favor of Porter. This is understandable as the facts in the case are unquestionably on Porter's side. The evidence of Stanton's Machiavellian hand appears throughout the court proceedings—the court was stacked, all rules of procedure were ignored, and jurors were permitted to serve both as witnesses and judges.

President Lincoln received a review of the case from Judge Advocate Holt. In the words of the author this was "a masterpiece of twisted facts and a one-sided presentation." Influenced solely by this review, the President approved the conviction and sentence of Porter. The question of why Lincoln, an experienced lawyer, did not see he was not reading a digest of the trial, but the prosecuting attorney's brief has never been answered. No brief was requested of the accused. One wonders how a man of Lincoln's moral and mental integrity could make such a decision without a more thorough personal investigation.

The long years that followed found Porter fighting to clear his name with the cool determination and the unshakable confidence that his conduct had been irreproachable and that he would triumph in the end. The wake of the trial and new evidence slowly accumulating

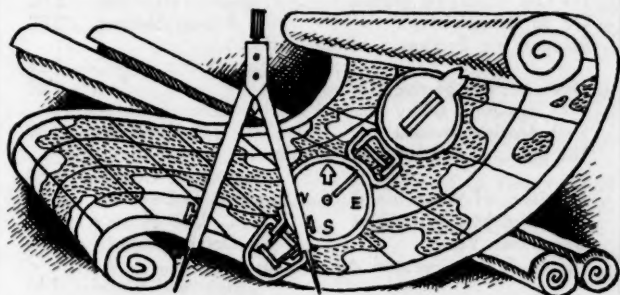
to show clearly the innocence of Gen Porter are depicted with expert skill. Highlighting this period were numerous delays caused by bitter political feuds and the airing of personal grudges. Every president from Lincoln to Grover Cleveland handled Porter's case like a steel worker gingerly catching a white hot rivet in a bucket.

This book will not serve to quell Civil War disputes. Eisenschiml's portrayal of Stanton and McClellan will be opposed by many. He has, however, completely revealed the great injustice done to Fitz John Porter. This work is a fitting tribute to a soldier whose faith in the righteousness of men remained ever steadfast as did his faith in the righteousness of his own cause. The author's review of the most famous legal battle in American military history should serve to remind Americans of the inherent dangers ever present at military trials held during the heat of war.

Reviewed by Capt Victor A. Kleber, Jr.

Dead Reckoning . . .

MAP AND AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH READING COMPLETE—1st Lt Arnold F. W. Frank. 165 pages, illustrated. Harrisburg: The Military Service Publishing Co., 1951. \$2.75



The publisher's foreword states that this third edition, revised, has been prepared with one thought in view: "To give the complete story of map and aerial photograph reading for field use. It is a practical book written not for professional cartographers, but for officers and enlisted men in the field." Examined in the light of this statement it can be stated that Lt Frank has done an excellent job in meeting the above requirements.

The book is ideally suited for teaching purposes, both from the standpoint of content and sequence of subject material. Commencing with the subject of map projections the author leads the reader through the various steps required of a proficient map and aerial photo reader in a logical and coherent manner. Of special interest is the chapter dealing with ground navigation by dead reckoning. The author states that this chapter was included to meet the definite need brought out in World War II for educating the soldier and officer in ground

navigation, especially in desert, arctic, or antarctic regions where maps are not available or inaccurate. The chapter contains many practical hints on how to conduct a march across such terrain with a minimum of difficulty.

The entire subject material has been brought up to date and is presented clearly and comprehensively. Technical discussion is kept to a minimum and for ease of understanding extensive use is made of simple illustrations. This, coupled with the fact that practical exercises with solutions are included, provides an excellent reference for review. On the negative side, however, it appears that due to its size (7½ x 10½-inches) and stapled paper binding the book will be difficult to use and maintain in the field.

The author is presently serving as an instructor at The Engineer School which undoubtedly accounts for the logical transition from one subject material to the next; a fact that puts this book above average on the subject of map and aerial photo reading.

Reviewed by Maj T. H. Fisher

Captains Courageous . . .

PREBLE'S BOYS; Commodore Preble and the Birth of American Sea Power—Fletcher Pratt. 419 pages, 14 battle diagrams. New York: William Sloane Associates, 1951. \$5.00

The benefits of historical study are well known in the fields of human relations such as warfare and politics. This truism was epitomized by Bismarck when he said that he preferred to learn by the mistakes of others. One of the drawbacks of this approach for the nonprofessional student is the unpalatability of much historical writing. This brings us right up to Fletcher Pratt. He has been criticized in many quarters for allowing historical inaccuracies to pass in order to heighten literary effect. However, it can be argued that this defect is minor indeed and is greatly overshadowed by Pratt in his role as an extremely lucid raconteur and interpreter of military history. Equally at home with land or sea warfare as well as with the marriage of these two, amphibious warfare, Pratt in *Preble's Boys* takes us back to the days of wooden ships and iron men to report on the man who he believes responsible for the birth of American sea power.



The fighting reputation of the Continental Navy during the Revolution was considerably less than enviable in spite of such bright spots as John Paul Jones' exploits. This was the doubtful fighting tradition inherited by the new United States Navy upon its organization in 1798. Although despised by the British Navy as renegades, poltroons, and even cowards, this infant service was to win for itself in the next 15 years the grudging respect, if not admiration, of its British opposite number. This fighting tradition so tenuously begun was not only to survive but to constantly develop through the next five wars until we see it today as the binding *esprit* of the world's greatest navy.

The "why" of this remarkable transformation, at least according to Fletcher Pratt, is the theme of this delightful series of biographical sketches of our early naval heroes. Pratt's easily accepted thesis is that nearly all of our successful naval captains in this period were molded as junior officers by Preble in his Mediterranean squadron fighting the Barbary pirates in 1803. The qualities of disciplined yet humanitarian leadership, independent thought and sound military decision, constant readiness for combat, fine seamanship, excellent gunnery, sound tactical doctrine, and above all an offensive spirit which Preble instilled in them were well applied by each in his own way and according to the situation confronting him. In fact these are the same qualities which have sustained the U.S. Navy since, and by which great store is still laid today.

Who were these JOs who cursed Preble, the disciplinarian, until they came to know and revere Preble, the fighter? Why, of course, Isaac Hull, captain of the *Constitution* and victor over the *Guerriere*; Jacob Jones of the *Wasp*; Stephen Decatur, captain of the *United States* and hero of Tripoli; William Bainbridge, captain of the *Constitution* and victor over the *Java*; James Lawrence of "Don't give up the ship" fame; David Porter of the *Essex*; William Burrows, son of the Marine Corps' first Commandant and captain of the *Enterprise*, and eight others.

Except for the Battle of Lake Erie, every victory in the War of 1812 was won by a Preble-trained man. All but five of these men won victories. Yet this group constituted only one-third the officers of command rank in 1812. Their ability was no incident but the product of Preble's stellar leadership. There was nothing these officers had in common except the 40 days before Tripoli under Preble. Before coming under his influence they were run-of-the-wardroom JOs, but thus indoctrinated, they were destined to establish a naval tradition.

Preble's Boys is quite up to Fletcher Pratt's previous works both as to literary style and the happy addition of flesh and blood to the dry bones of history.

Reviewed by LtCol Franklin B. Nihart

✓ Check List

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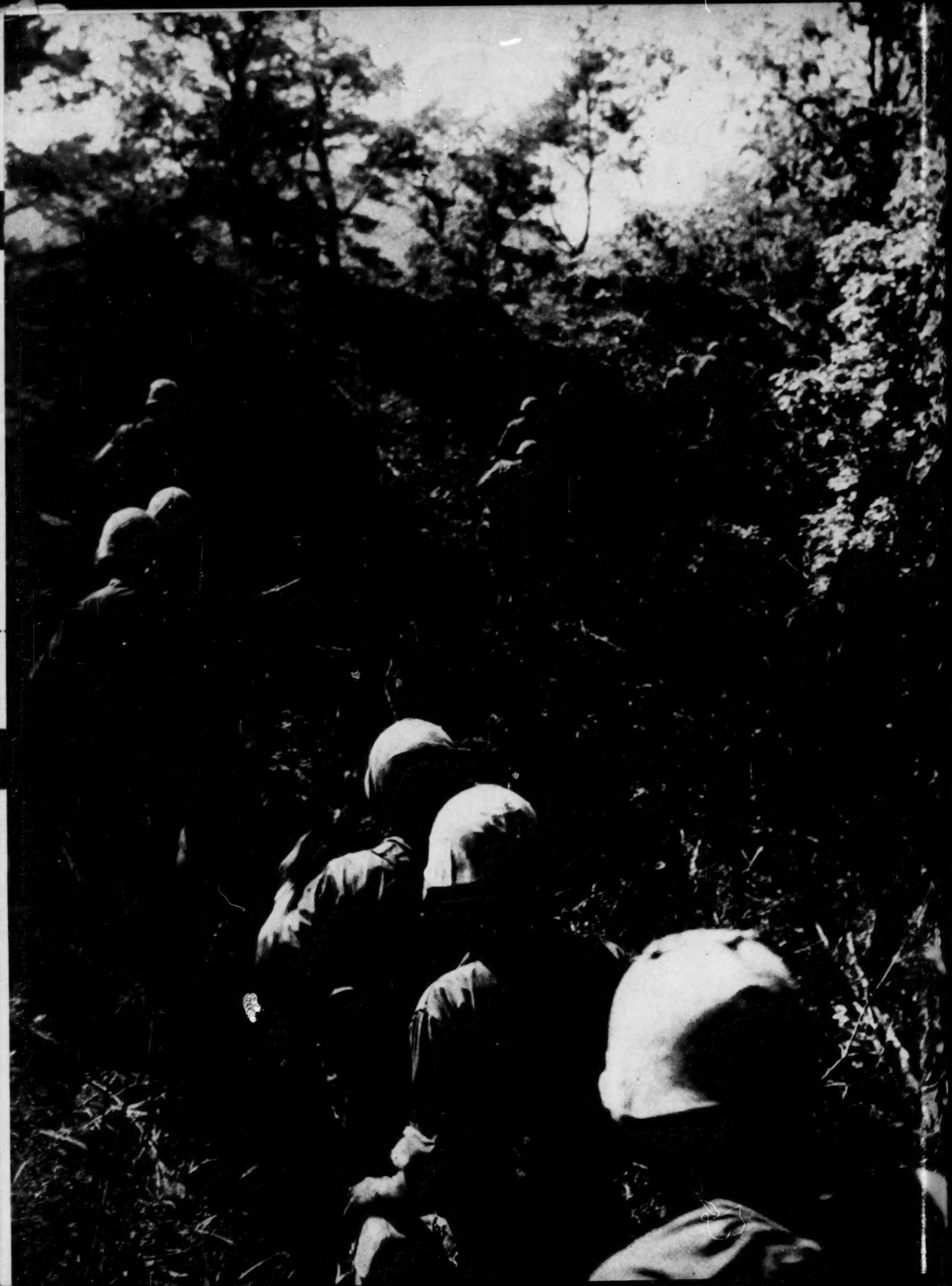
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